

ENC

W1240

WESTERN ADVENTURES

TIM HOLT

COWBOY STAR OF THE MOVIES

10c
JAN - FEB



TIM HOLT'S

WESTERN ALBUM



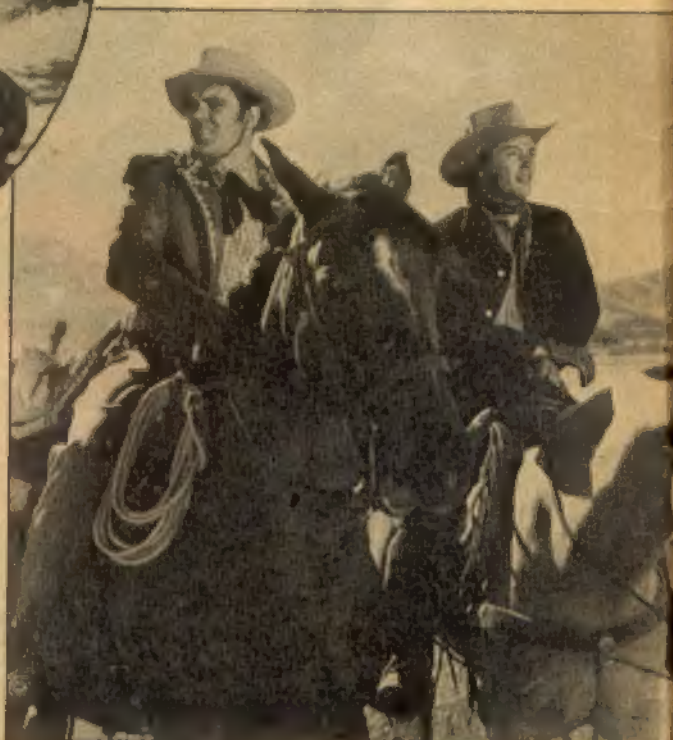
The West was ruled by the gun, but there were times when the heroic men who tamed the desperadoes used their fists to good effect too—as here demonstrated by battling Tim Holt!



To the right is a scene from RKO's "Gun Runners," which stars Tim—supported as usual by the colorful Chito Jose Gonzales Bustamonte Rafferty (Richard Martin, in real life). They are waiting for members of a bandit gang to show themselves.



The horse was part of the man, and the man was part of the horse; the two were inseparable, Centaur-like. Tim's horse, Lightning, is a great palomino stallion, physically beautiful and highly intelligent. Here he and Tim are alerted for action!

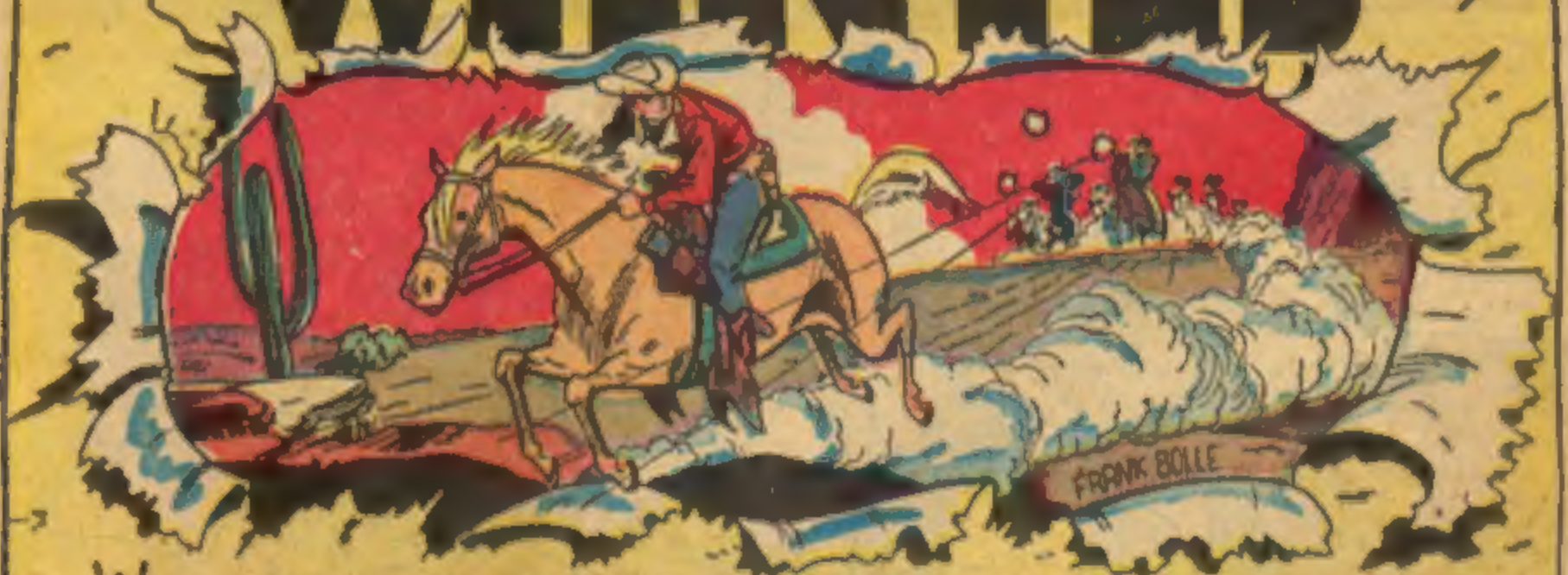


TIM HOLT

TIM HOLT



WANTED



WITH A POSSE SCOURING THE BRUSH AND FOOTHILLS FOR HIM, WITH A REWARD ON HIS HEAD, DEAD OR ALIVE, TIM HOLT FACES THE GREATEST FIGHT OF HIS CAREER TO CLEAR HIMSELF OF A CHARGE OF MURDER! EVERYONE—FROM THE SHERIFF TO THE TOUGHEST BAND OF OUTLAWS THAT EVER ROBBED A BANK—WANTED: TIM HOLT!

TIM HOLT

THUNDERING HOOVES AND ROARING SIX-GUNS SHATTER THE LONELY SILENCE OF THE SAGEBRUSH-DOTTED WASTELAND---



FLEEING THE HARD-RIDING POSSE IS--TIM HOLT!

CAN'T LET THEM... CATCH ME!
TOLD CHITO TO MEET ME...
BACK IN HILLS... BEFORE ALL
THIS HAPPENED...



THEY'LL NEVER MAKE
THIS JUMP! WE'RE SAFE!



AT THAT VERY MOMENT, AS TIM FLEES FOR HIS LIFE, THE TAP-TAP OF HAMMERS RE-SOUNDS ON BARN DOORS, ON RESTAURANT WALLS--



IN THE FOOTHILLS, TIM KEEPS HIS APPOINTMENT WITH CHITO---

CHITO! I'M SURE I KNOW YOU
GLAD TO SEE YOU...YOU BROUGHT
FOOD, THEN YOU KNOW?
I KNOW YOU ARE ONE CRAZY
HOMBRE! WHAT-FOR YOU SAY
YOU KEEF SHERIFF NOLAN?
TWO POSSES AIR OUT LOOKING
FOR YOU!

LUCKY FOR YOU, YOU SAY TO
MEET ME HERE BEFORE ALL
THEES HAPPEN! WHEN I HEAR
WHAT YOU SAY, I BREENG YOU
FOOD. WHAT YOU DO NOW, HEY?

I DIDN'T KILL
NOLAN. I SAID THAT TO
SAVE A MAN'S LIFE!

I'M CONVINCED THAT WHOEVER
KILLED NOLAN IS PLAYING A
DEEPER GAME. I AIM TO FIND
OUT WHAT THAT GAME IS. LET
ME TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED--



TIM HOLT

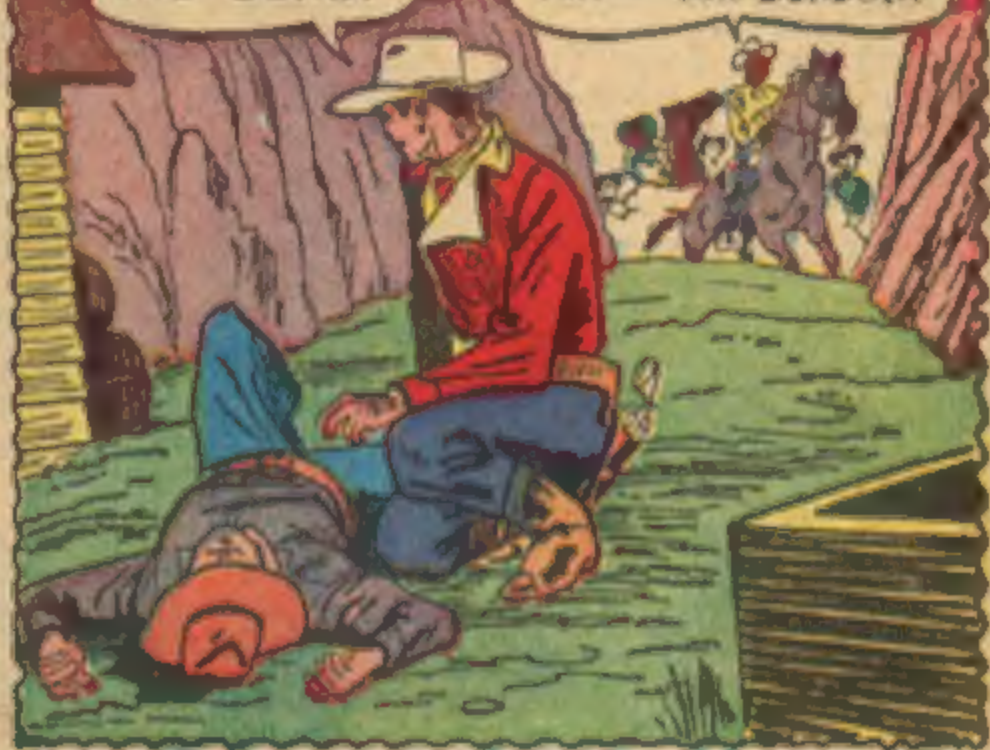
"I WAS RIDING OUT TO THE EAST BASIN LINE CABIN, WHEN I SAW SOMETHING WAS WRONG..."

THAT'S DEPUTY SHERIFF NOLAN/ HIGHTAIL IT, LIGHTNING!



FUNNY! HIS VEST AND BADGE ARE GONE!

WE GOT THE COYOTE WHO MURDERED HIM, TIM — JIM BENDER!



BENDER? THEN WHERE'S NOLAN'S VEST AND BADGE?

HUH? I DUNNO. BENDER DIDN'T HAVE IT!



"THOSE MEN WERE IN AN UGLY MOOD. THEY WOULD HAVE HANGED BENDER THEN AND THERE! I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO ARGUE, I HAD TO DO SOMETHING..."

BENDER DIDN'T KILL NOLAN! I DID! NOW... GET DOWN OFF THOSE HORSES AND DROP YOUR GUNS...!



OF ALL THE CRAZY THEENGs!

I DROVE OFF THEIR HORSES AND CAME UP HERE. CHITO, THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY FUNNY GOING ON. WHY SHOULD THE MAN WHO KILLED NOLAN STEAL HIS VEST AND BADGE? I HAVE TO FIND THAT OUT!

YOU WEEEL NOT FIND IT IN THESE HILLS. ONE OF THEE POSSES WEEEL KILL YOU!

I HAVE TO RISK IT, CHITO. THERE'S NO OTHER WAY OUT...

I DIDN'T TELL CHITO, BUT I'VE SEEN TRACES OF OLD CAMPFIRES SCATTERED IN THE HILLS. THEY LEAD TOWARD RED BUTTE!



AMID THE RED VOLCANIC ROCKS OF THE BUTTES, TIM SIGHTS A THIN COLUMN OF SMOKE...

THERE'S A FIRE THAT ISN'T SO OLD! HMMM... NO CATTLE OUTFIT WOULD BED DOWN THIS DEEP IN THE ROCKS!



RECKON WE'D BETTER BE RIDING IF WE'RE GOING TO HIT THE CHISOLM TRAIL WHEN THE HERDS GET THERE.

SURE EVERYTHING IS FIXED SO WE WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE?

SURE! WE GOT FAKE BRAND BOOKS, AND A SHERIFF'S BADGE. WE CAN CUT OUT WHAT CATTLE WE WANT AND THEN TRAIL DRIVERS AIN'T GOT NO KICK!

"CUTTING OUT" A TRAIL HERD WAS DONE IN ORDER TO REMOVE ANY STEERS THAT MIGHT HAVE DRIFTED IN WITH THE MOVING STEERS FROM THE RANGE THE TRAIL HERD WAS PASSING THROUGH. IT WAS A LEGAL PROCESS BUT OFTEN CROOKED WHEN OUTLAWS USED A LAW BADGE AND A FAKE BRAND BOOK ---

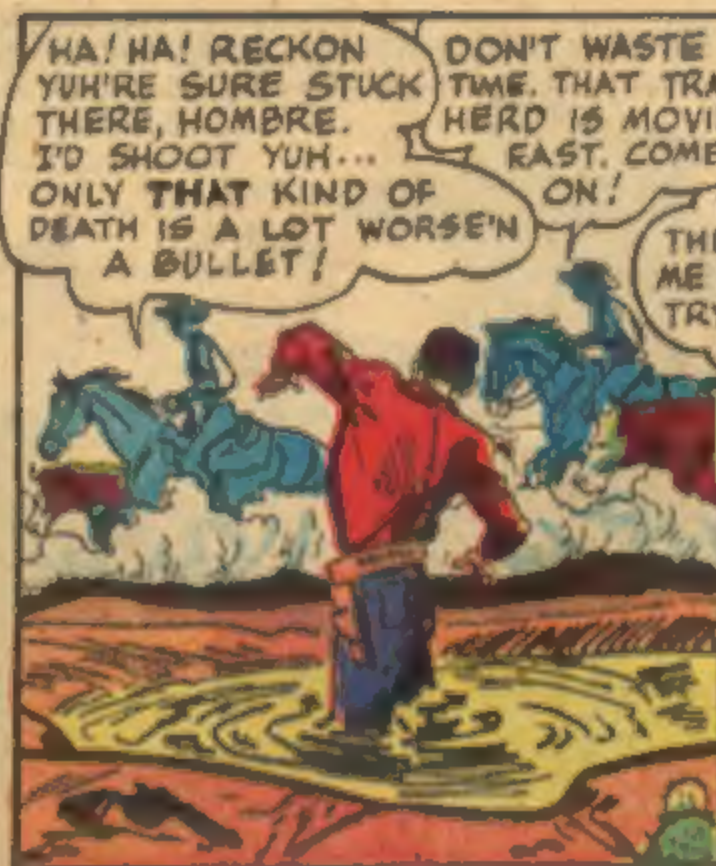
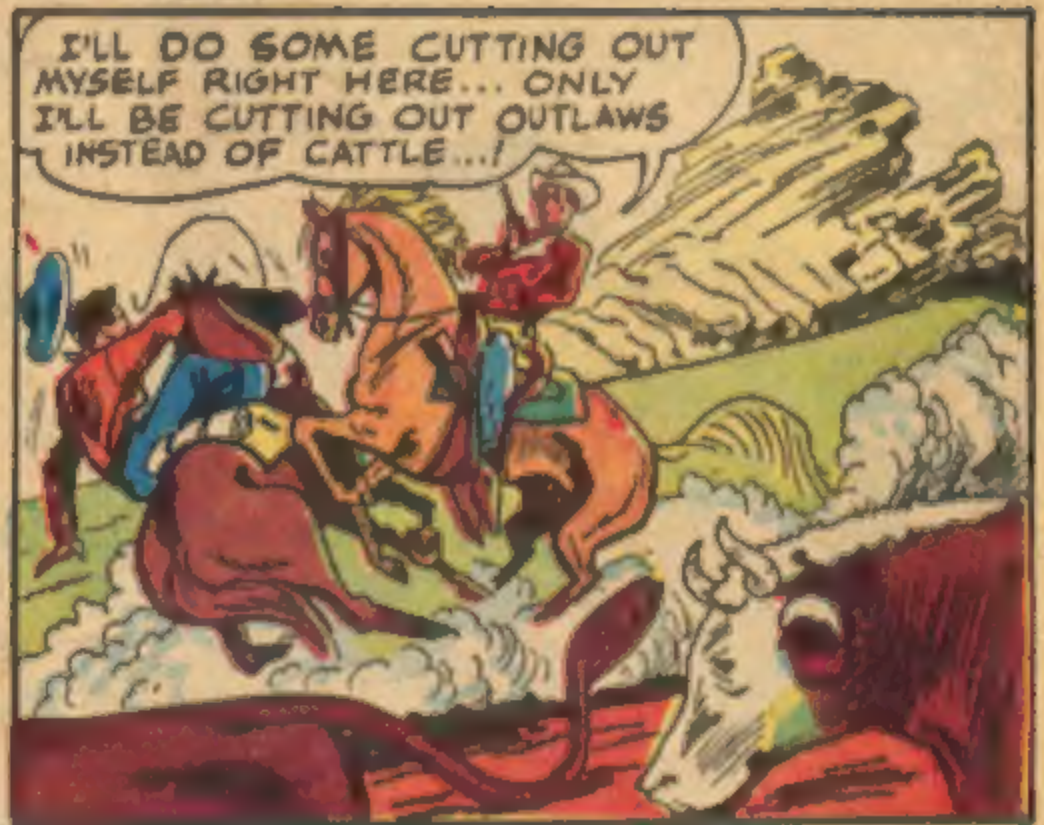


THEY HAVE A HEAD START, BUT LIGHTNING WILL CUT IT DOWN WHEN WE REACH THE FLA

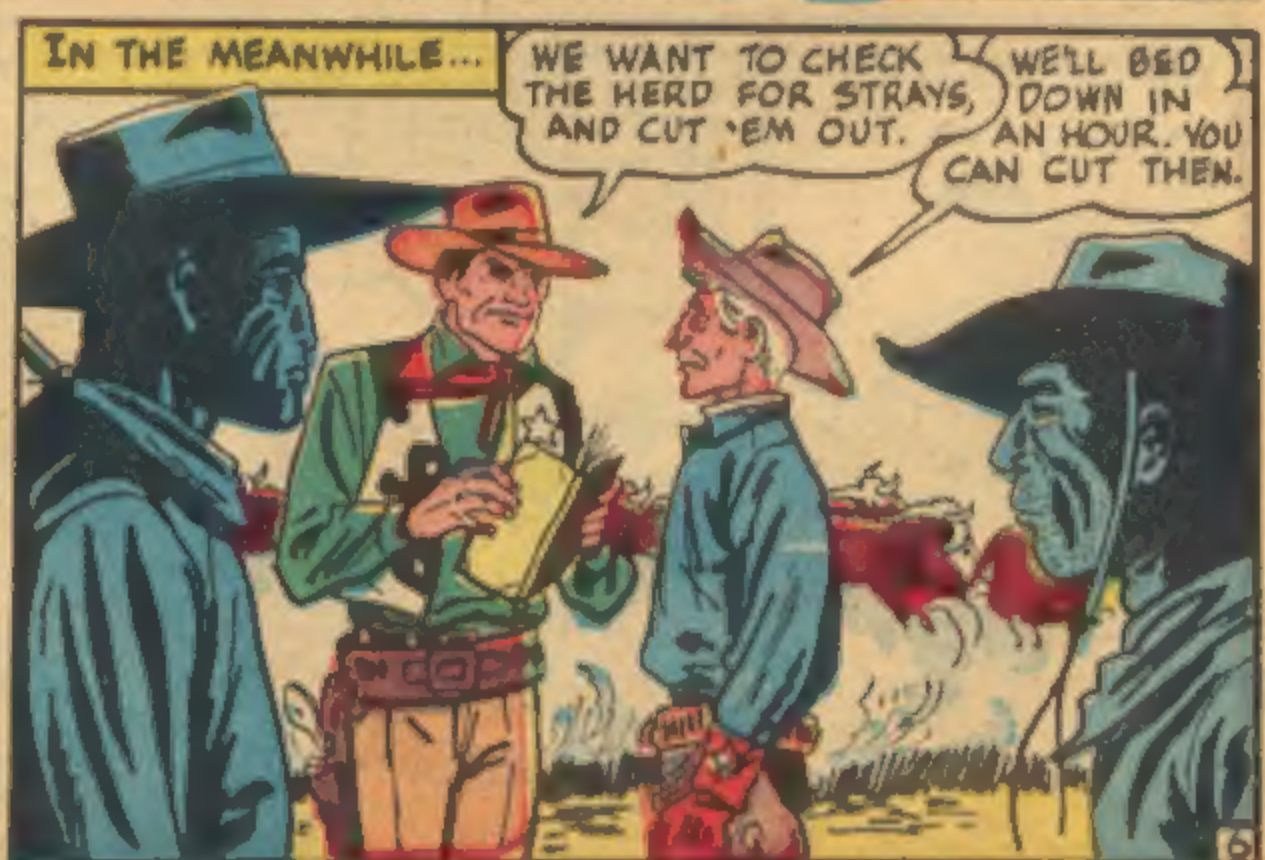
ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT THE GREAT PALOMINO POUNDED THE GROUND THEN, IN THE FIRST FAINT RAYS OF DAWN...



TIM HOLT



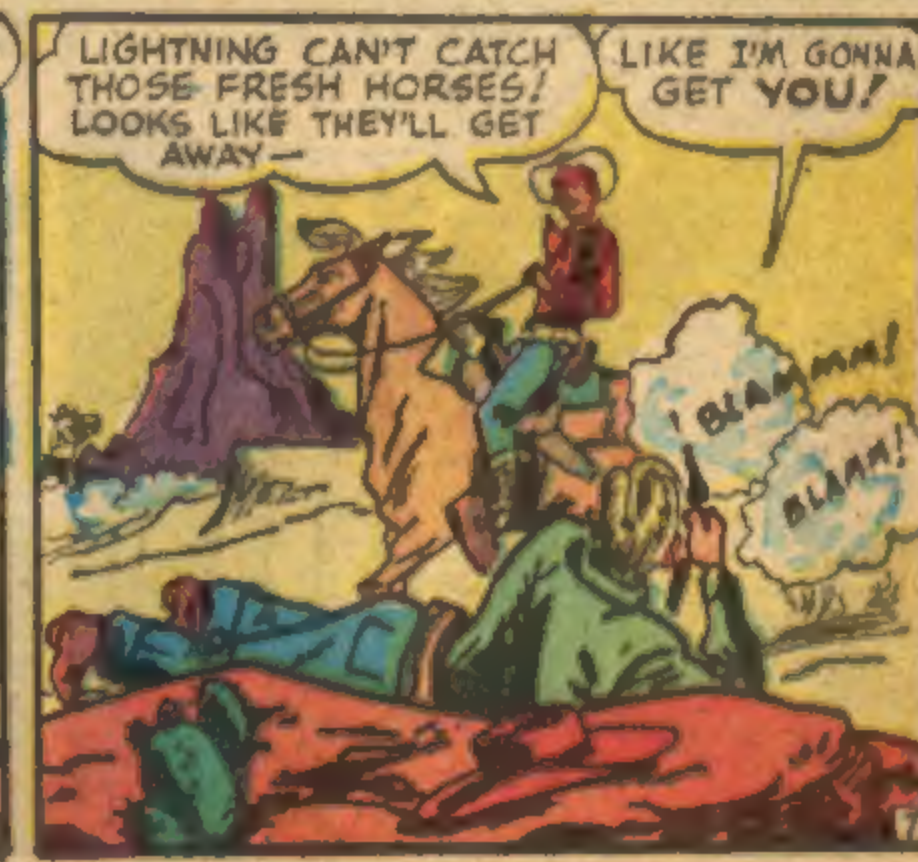
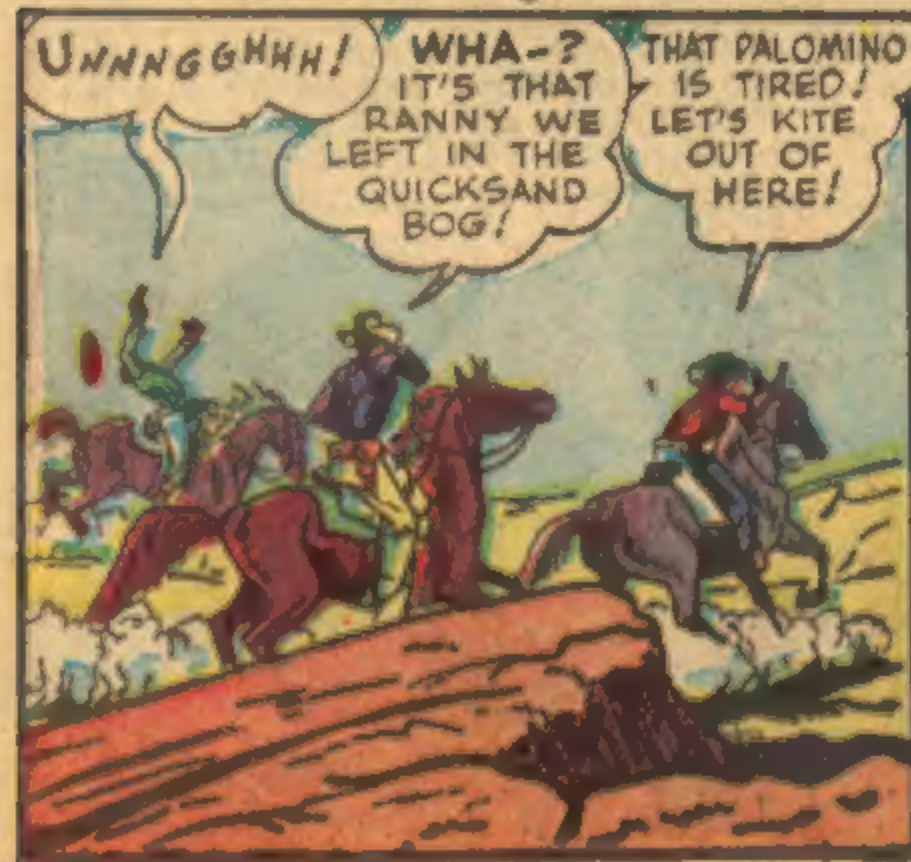
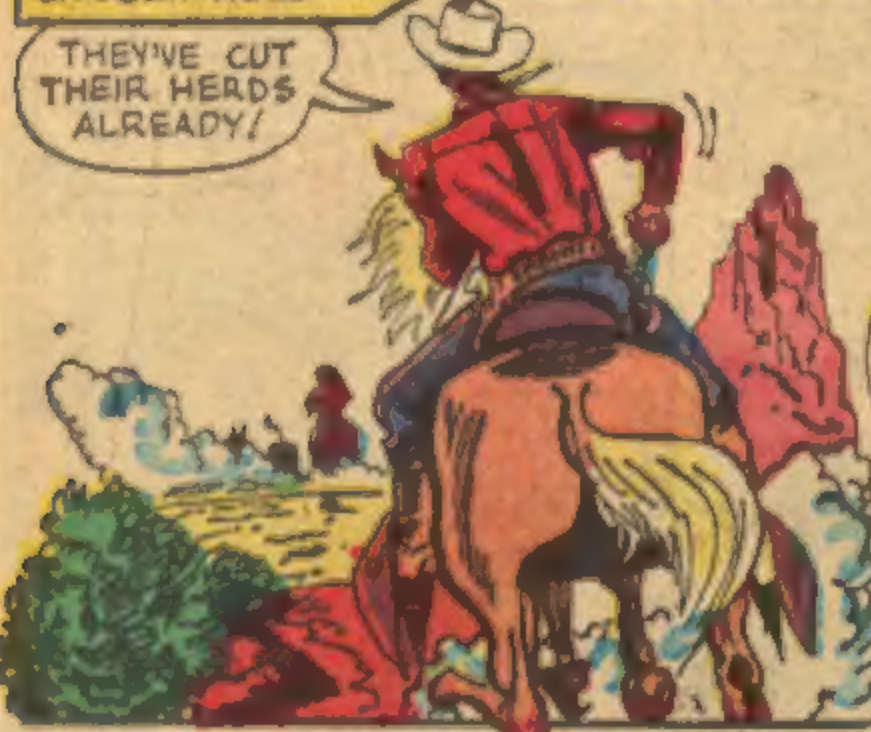
TIM HOLT



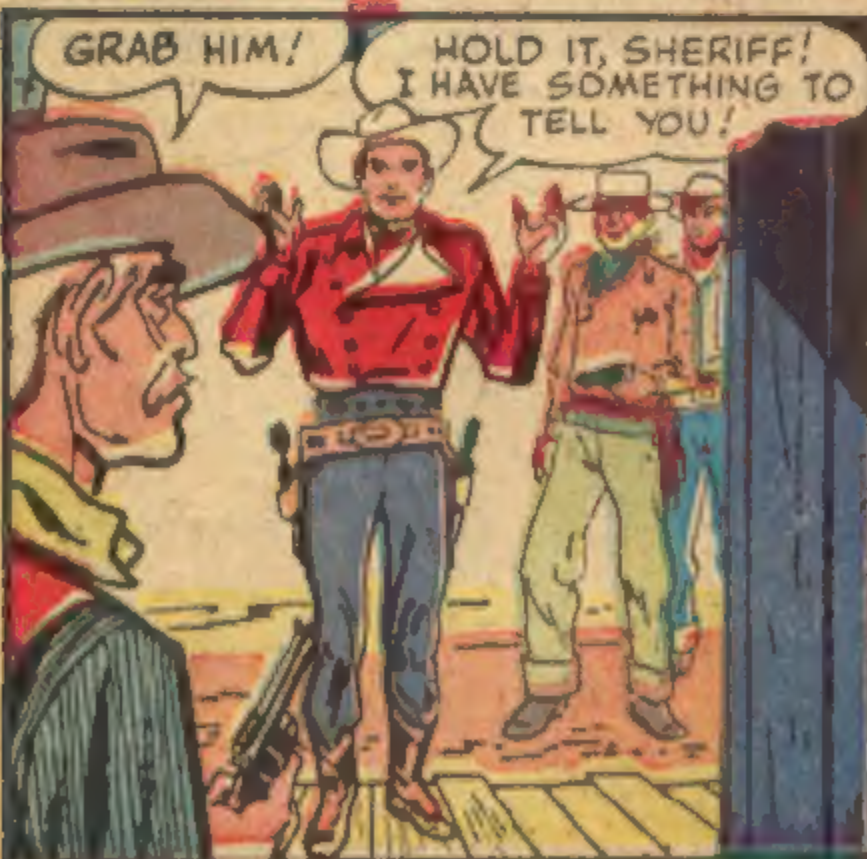
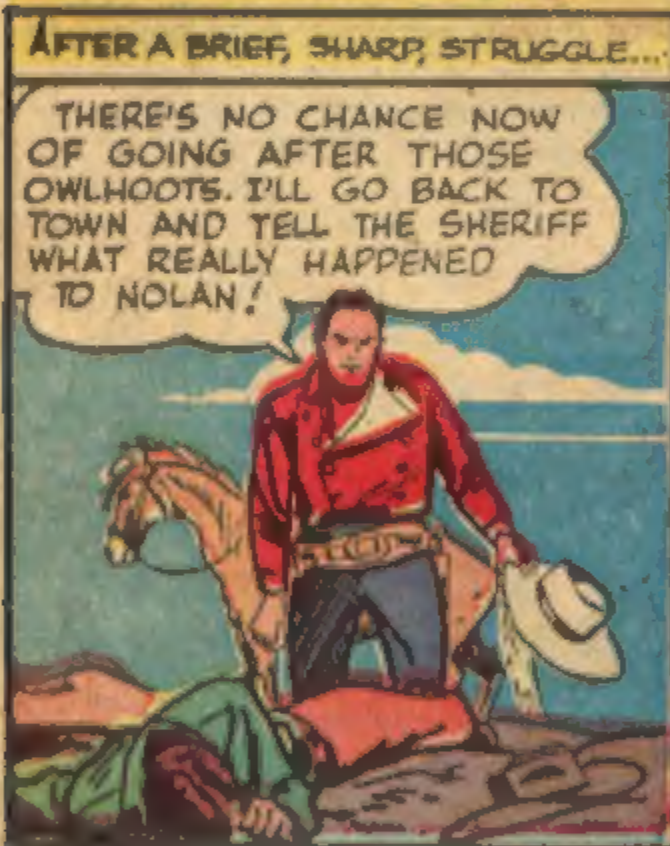
TIM HOLT



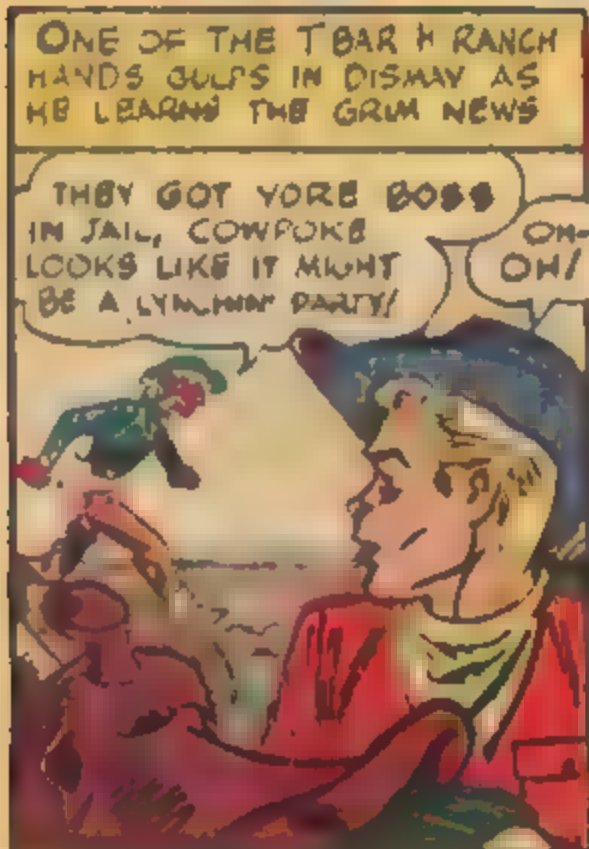
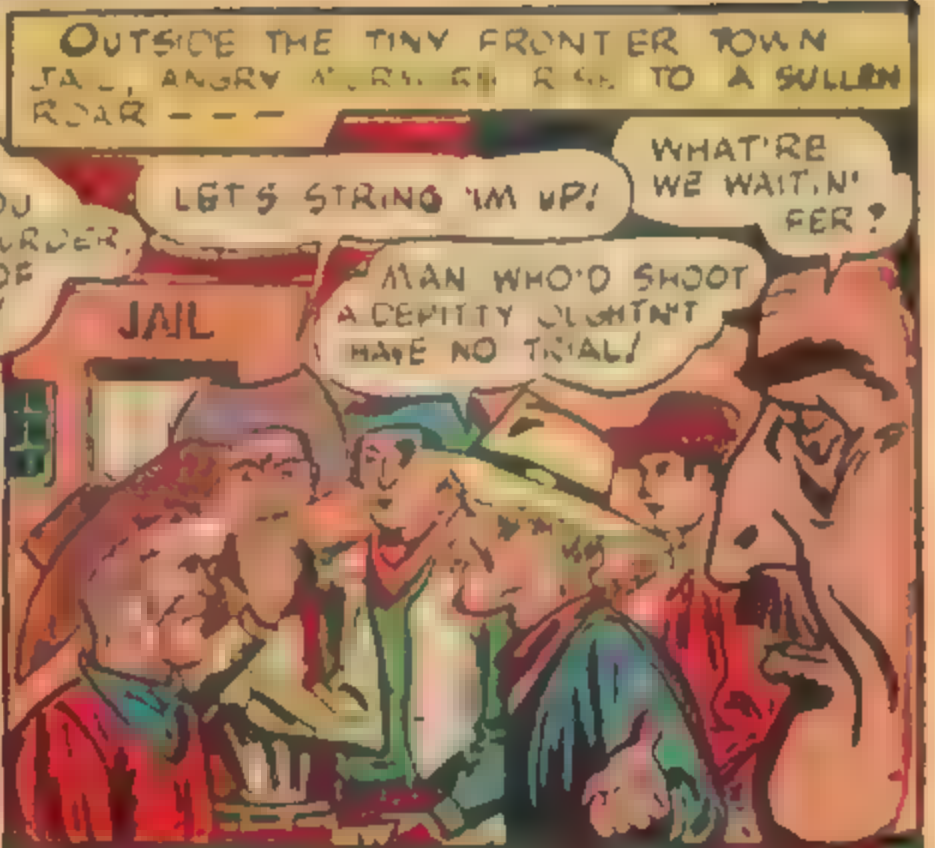
MOVING WITH THE SPEED OF THE WIND, TIM
FOLLOWS THE OUTLAWS DOWN ONTO THE
CHISOLM TRAIL ---



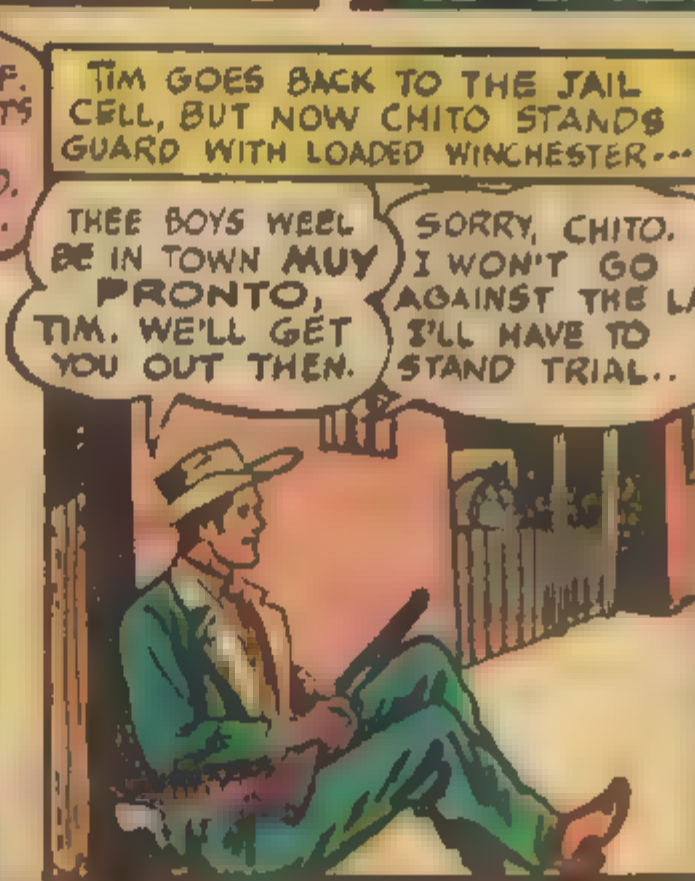
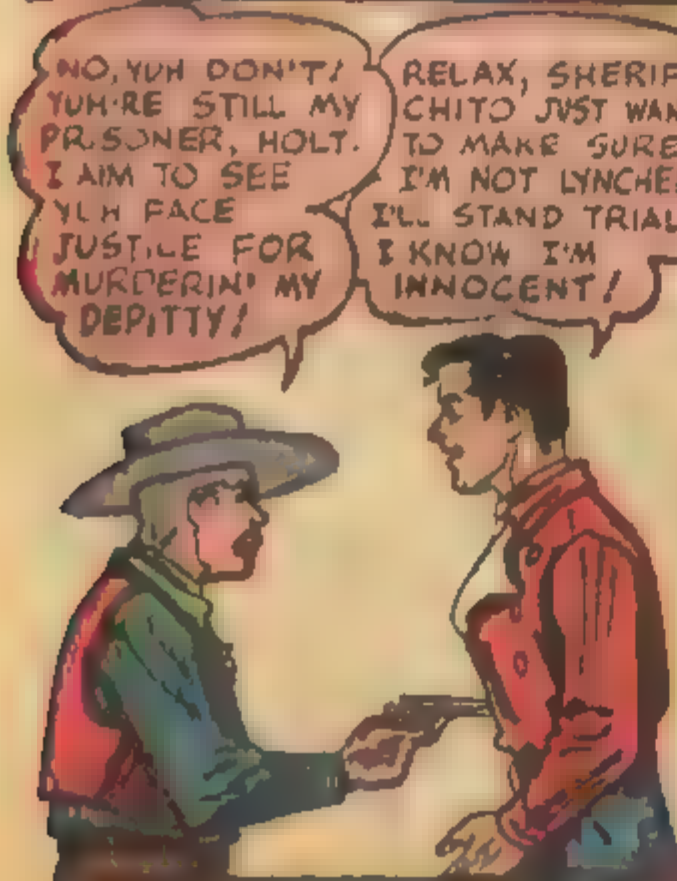
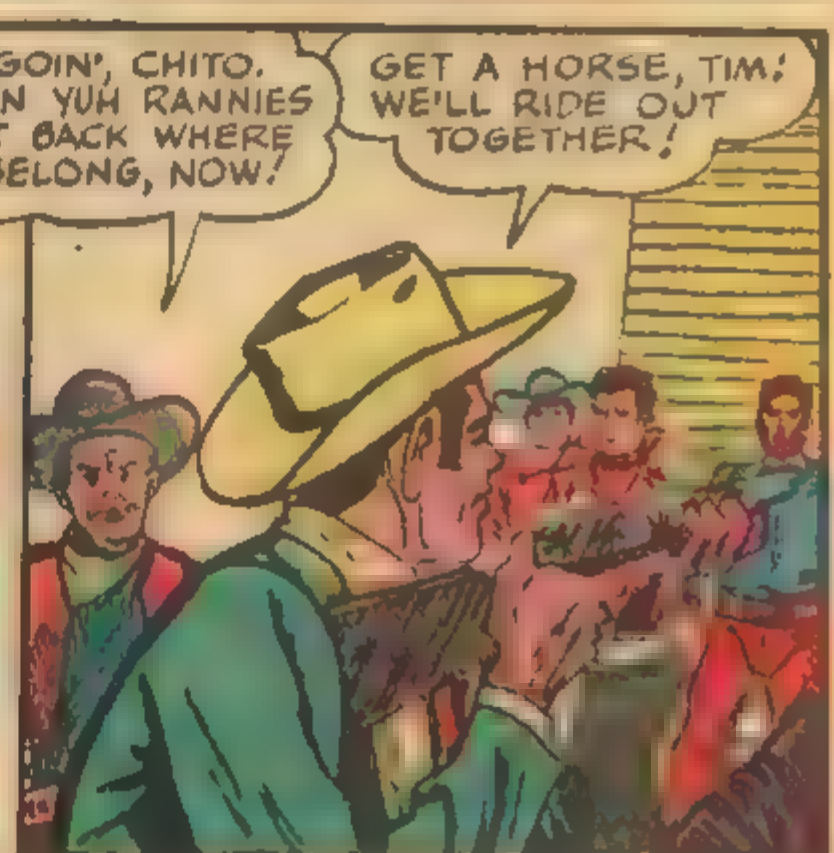
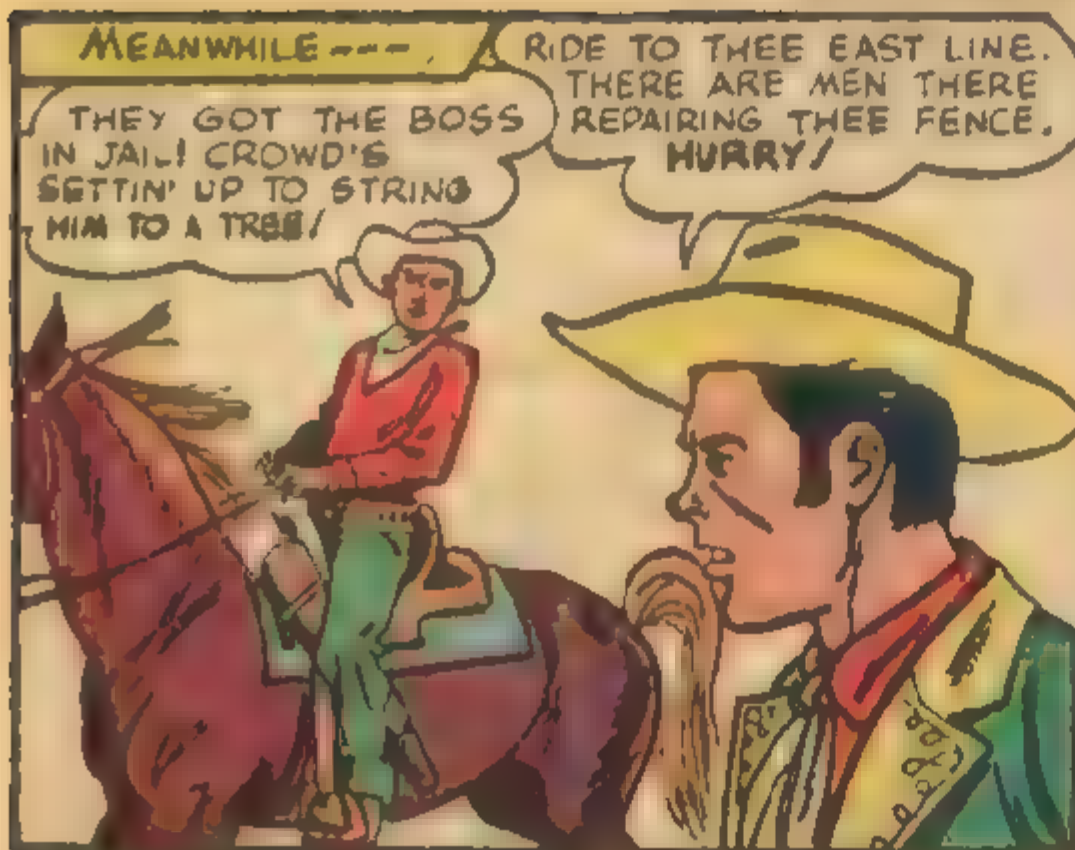
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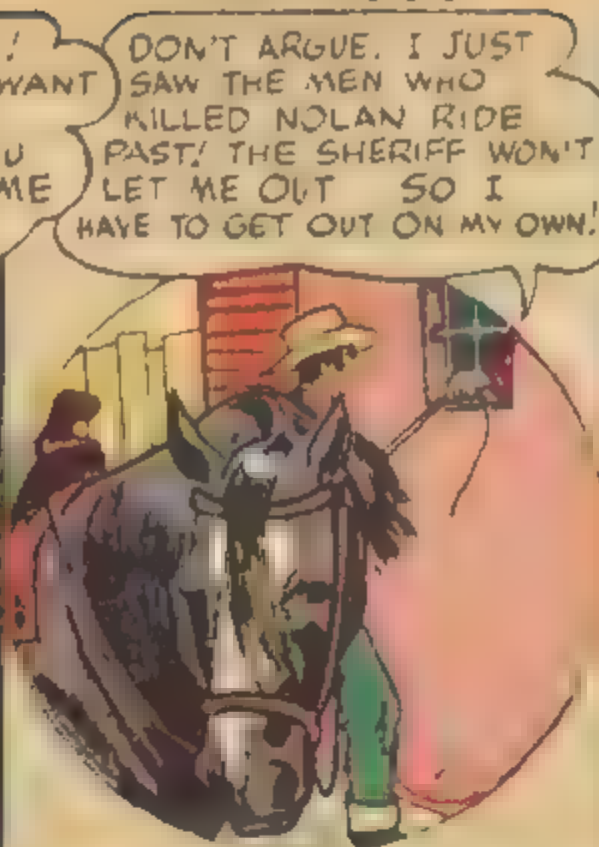


TIM HOLT



CHITO! GET ME OUT OF HERE! QUICKLY!

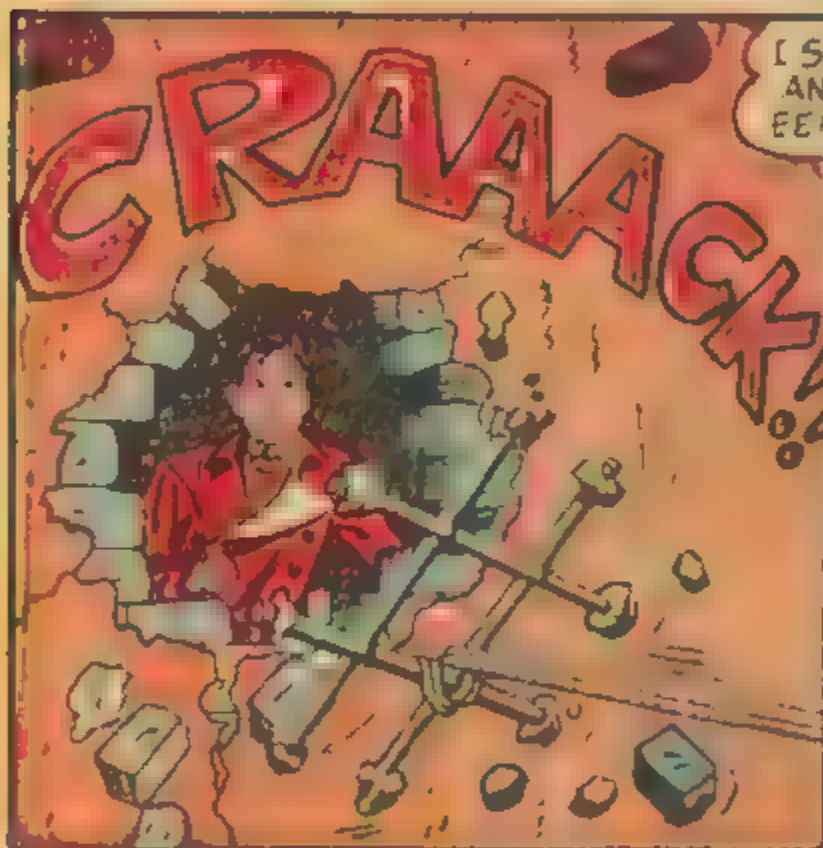
BUT TIM—! FIRST YOU WANT TO GO EEN JAIL, NOW YOU WANT TO COME OUT....!



DON'T ARGUE. I JUST SAW THE MEN WHO KILLED NOLAN RIDE PAST! THE SHERIFF WON'T LET ME OUT SO I HAVE TO GET OUT ON MY OWN!



CHITO'S POWERFUL STALLION LUNGES AGAINST THE TALL LAR, AT THAT IS CALLED AROUND HIS SADDLE - HORN.



CRAAAACK!



I SADDLED LIGHTNING AND HERE EES SOME EEMPORTANT EEEQUIPMENT!

WE'LL FOLLOW THOSE RATS. I WANT SOME WORDS WITH THEM!



DOGGONE! THAT HOLT RANNY CAN'T BUST JAIL ON ME!

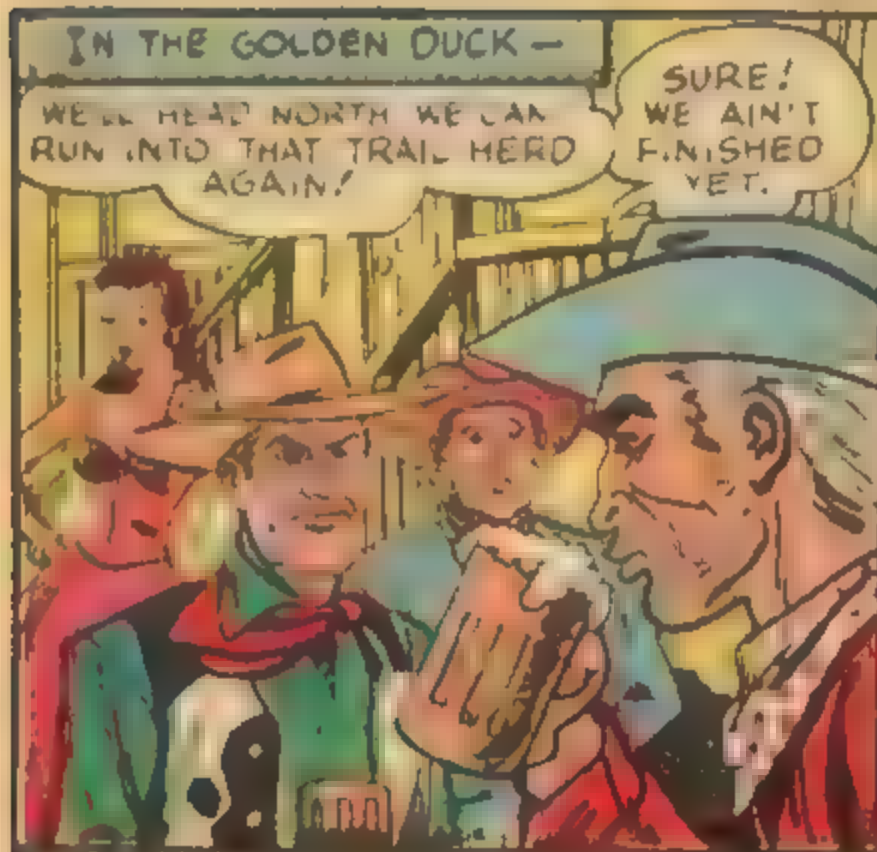


HE WENT UPSTREET TO THE GOLDEN DUCK SALOON!

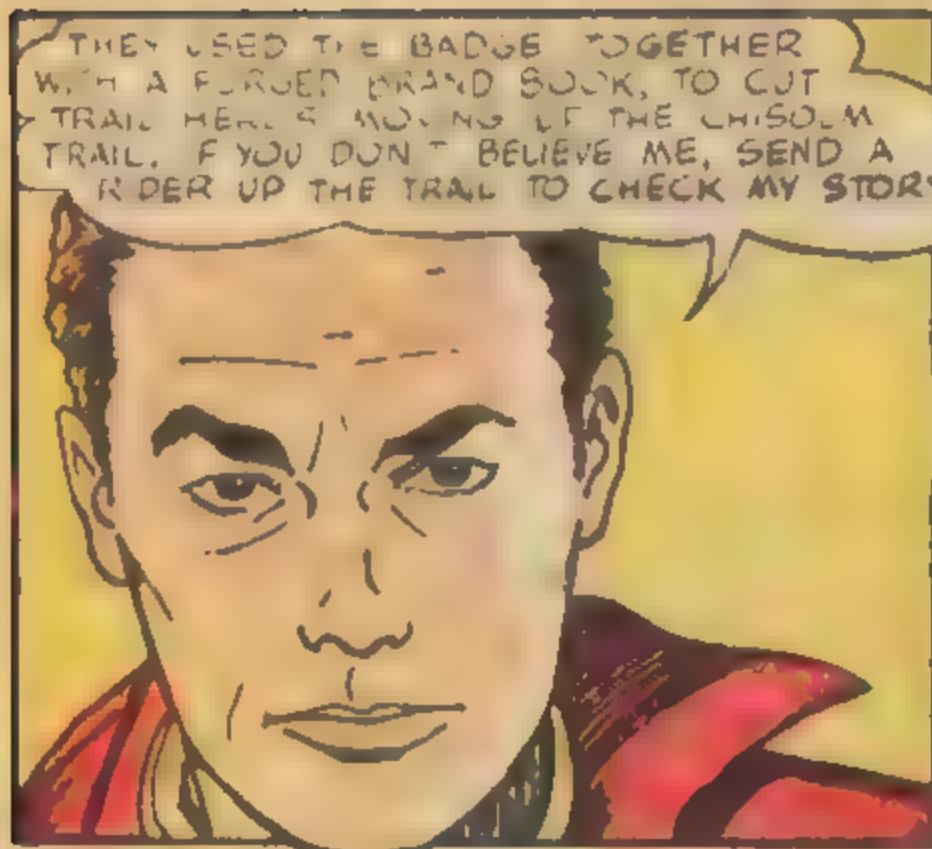
SHOOT ON SIGHT!

SHERIFF'S OFFICE

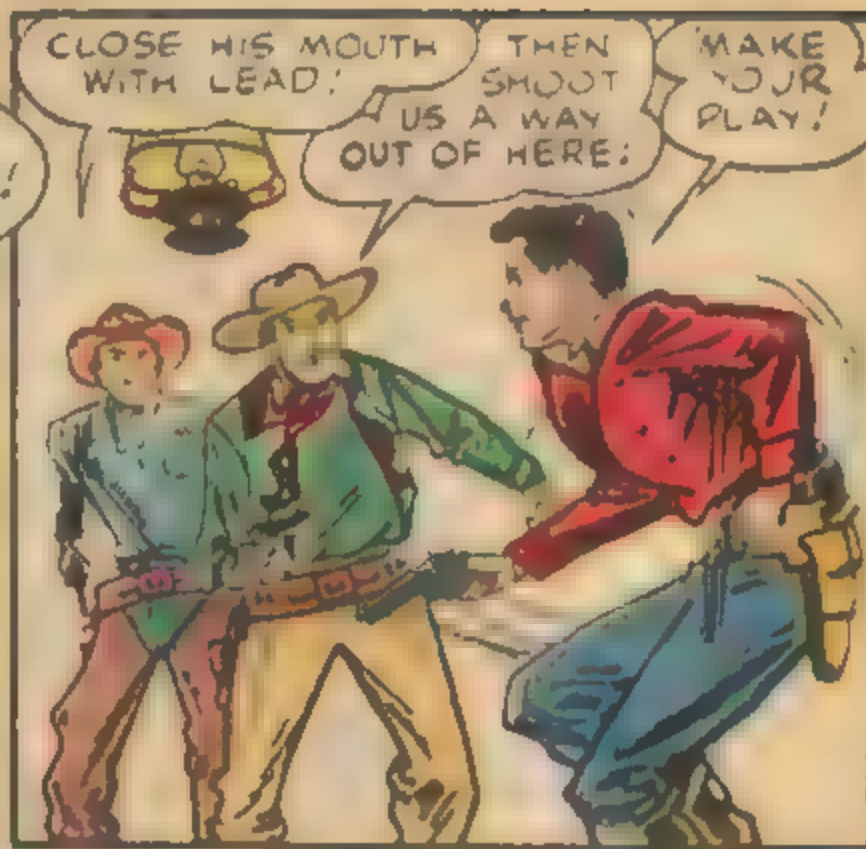
TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



THEY USED THE BADGE TOGETHER WITH A FORGED BRAND BOOK, TO CUT TRAIL HERE & MOVING LE THE CHISOLM TRAIL. IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, SEND A RIDER UP THE TRAIL TO CHECK MY STORY!



CLOSE HIS MOUTH WITH LEAD!

THEN SHOOT US A WAY OUT OF HERE!

MAKE YOUR PLAY!

THE KILLERS HANDS DART DOWN AND UP, BUT THEIR GUNHANDS ARE SLOW COMPARED WITH TIM HOLT'S LIGHTNING MOVES!



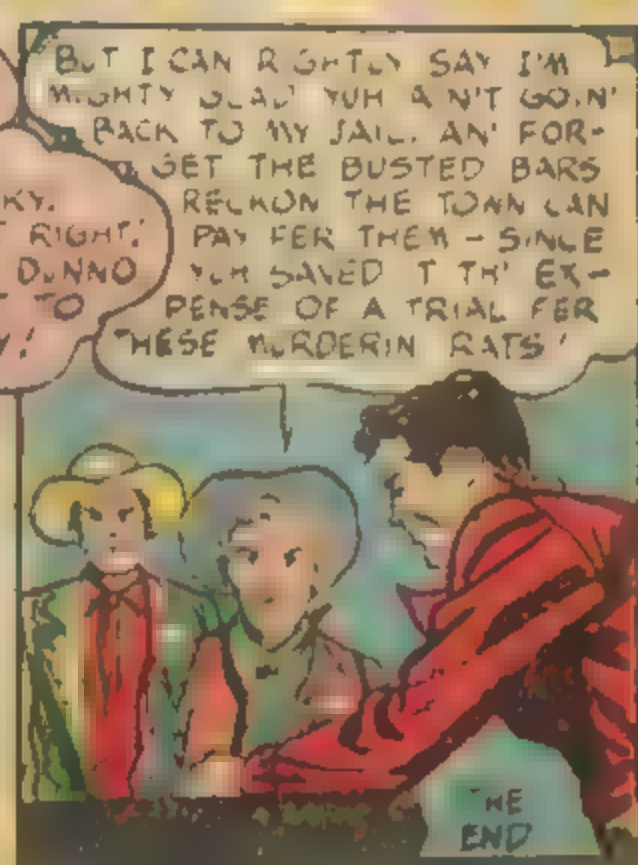
THERE THEY ARE, SHERIFF - THE REAL MURDERERS RECOGNIZE NOLAN'S VEST?

I THINK I DO BUT I'M NOT SURE



THEN PERHAPS THESE HOLES MADE BY NOLAN'S BADGE OVER THE YEARS WILL CONVINCE YOU!

BY CRACKY. YOU'RE RIGHT! HO-T I DUNNO WHAT TO SAY!



BUT I CAN RIGHTLY SAY I'M MIGHTY GLAD YUH AIN'T GOIN' BACK TO MY JAIL. AN' FORGET THE BUSTED BARS RECKON THE TOWN CAN PAY FER THEM - SINCE YUH SAVED T TH' EXPENSE OF A TRIAL FER THESE MURDERIN RATS!

THE END

Tim Holt's Rodeo

THE HURRICANE DECK...
THE SADDLE OF A WILD AND WOOLY BUCKING BRONCO! THE WAY THE SADDLE PITCHES AND TELTS AS THE WILD-EYED BUCKER GOES INTO HIS JAG GAVE BIRTH TO THE TERM.

THE BOOTS WORN BY THE COWBOY WERE HIGH HEELED FOR A VERY GOOD AND PRACTICAL REASON! TO PREVENT THE FOOT FROM SLIPPING THROUGH THE STIRRUP AND DRAGGING THE COWBOY TO A POSSIBLE DEATH! THAT WAS WHY THEY DID SO LITTLE WALKING IT WAS TORTURE TO WALK IN THEM-BUT THEY WERE LIFESAVERS MANY TIMES IN THE SADDLE.

THE HACKAMORE...
IS A ROPE HALTER USED TO 'GENTLE' WILD HORSES IT DOES NOT HURT THE HORSE AND WITH KIND AND GENTLE TREATMENT WITH THE HACKAMORE, THE ANIMAL IS SOON TAMED.

TIM HOLT

THE CORRAL...

HELD THE RIDING STOCK OF A RANCH AS WELL AS THE BRANDING IRON FIRES AT ROUND-UP TIME. IN TEXAS THE FIRES WERE USUALLY INSIDE THE CORRAL, IN OTHER WESTERN STATES, JUST OUTSIDE BY THUS SELECTING A SPOT FOR THE BRANDING (WHEN IT WAS NOT DONE ON THE OPEN RANGE), THE DANGER OF HAVING STOCK STOLEN WAS CONSIDERABLY LESSENED.

THE ROUND-UP...

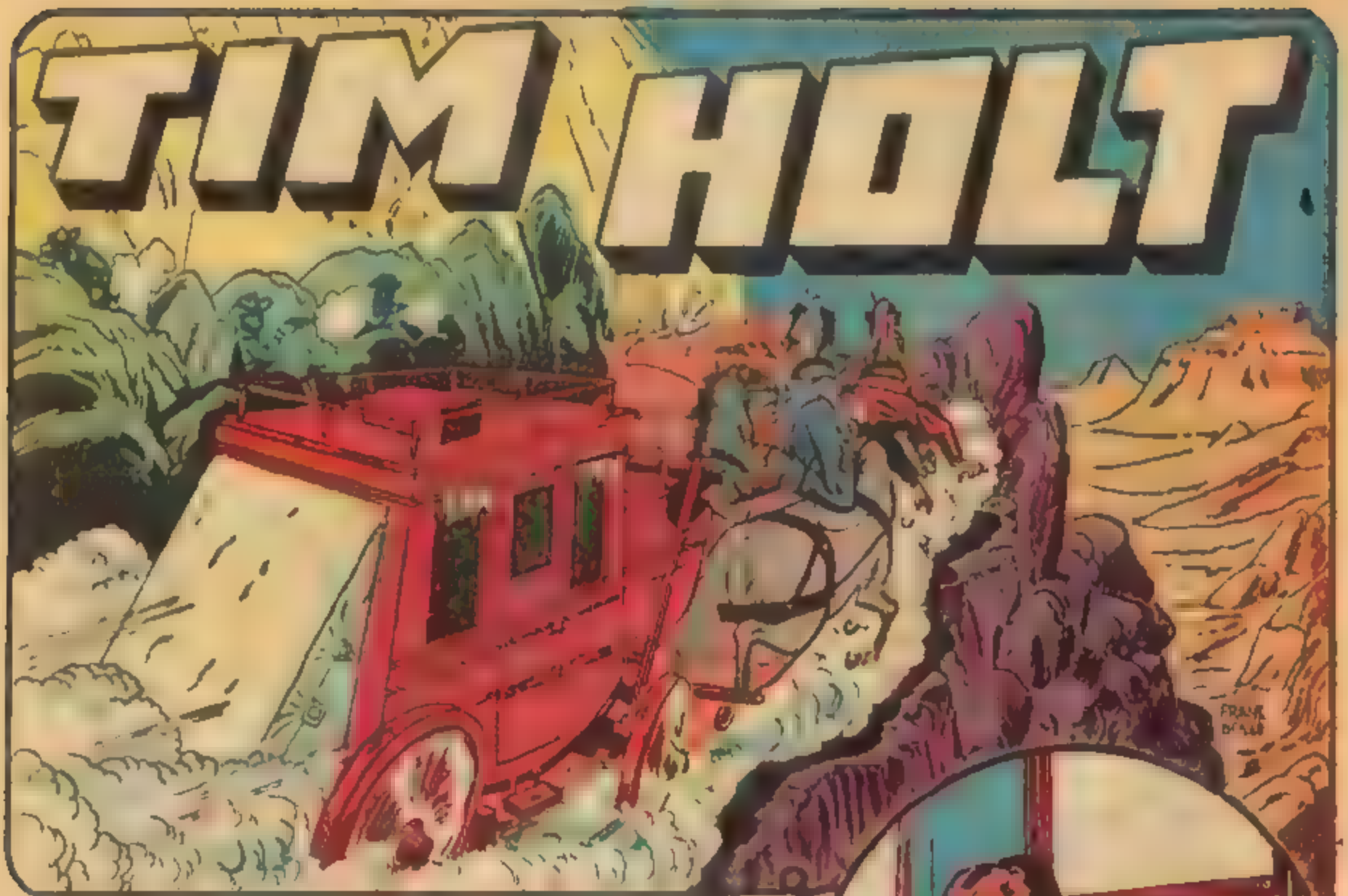
WAS HELD IN THE SPRING AND FALL TO BRAND THE YEARLINGS AND MAVERICKS TO COUNT THE CALVES AND THUS CHECK ON THE STOCK OWNED BY THE RANCH.

THE INDIANS...

OF THE WESTERN PLAINS EACH ENJOYED THEIR OWN "STAMPING GROUNDS." THE APACHES AND NAVAJOS LOCATED IN THE SOUTHWEST, THE COMANCHES ROAMED FROM THE ARKANSAS TO ST. ANTOINE DE BEJAR THE BLACKFOOT AND SIOUX WERE TO THE NORTH, IN COLORADO AND WYOMING....



TIM HOLT



IN THE FRONTIER TOWNS OF THE OLD WEST, THE TELEGRAPHER WAS AN IMPORTANT FIGURE. IT WAS HE WHO RECEIVED THE LATEST NEWS FLASHES. IT WAS HE WHO SENT WORD OF DISASTER OR GOLD STRIKES. HE KNEW THINGS MANY MEN WOULD HAVE KILLED TO LEARN!

IN THE TOWN OF TROTTER'S CREEK, THE OPERATOR WAS A MAN NAMED JOHN ABERSEN. AND WHEN OUT-LAWS AND CIRCUMSTANCES CONSPIRED AGAINST HIM, IT WAS TIM HOLT WHO STEPPED INTO THE PICTURE TO REVEAL THE TRUTH ABOUT ---

THE TELEGRAPHER AT TROTTER'S CREEK



SOME MILES SOUTHEAST OF THE PAINTED DESERT, DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE MOGOLLONS.

LOOKS LIKE A REPAIR CREW TO FIX THAT TELEGRAPH WIRE, TIM.

FIRST TIME I EVER SAW A REPAIR CREW WITH GUNS AND RIFLES!



YEEOW!

THEY KNOW HOW TO USE THOSE GUNS, TOO! COME ON, CHITO. THEY'RE NOT REPAIR MEN.. THEY'RE TAPPING THAT WIRE...!

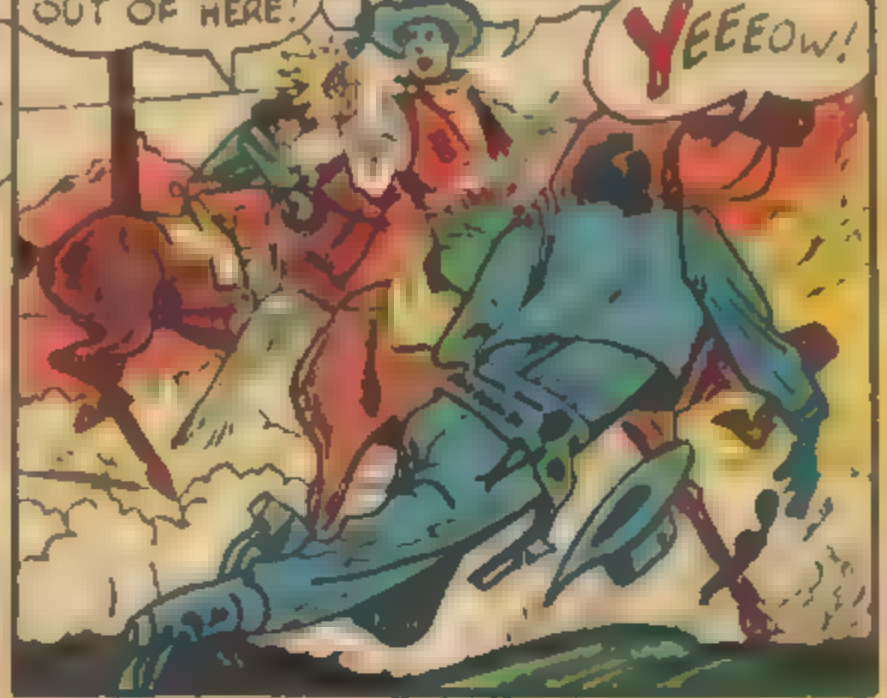
TIM HOLT

SIXGUNS OUT AND FLAMING, TIM URGES THE GREAT GOLDEN STALLION, LIGHTNING DOWN THE SLOPE AT A BREAKNECK PACE - - -



THUNDERIN' MAVERICKS! LET'S KICK 'EM OUT OF HERE!

THAT HOMBRE MUST'VE BEEN BORN WITH A COLT IN HIS HAND!



HE.. GOT ME

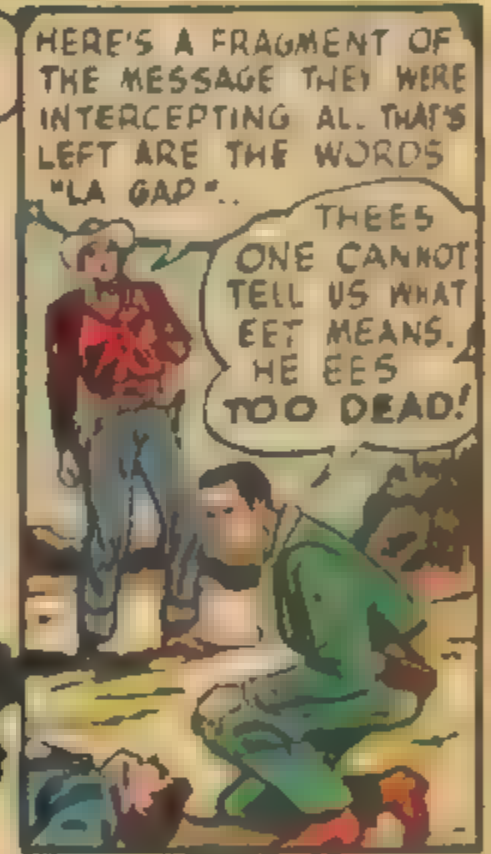
NO TIME TO STOP! KEEP GOING!



THEY WERE TAPPING THE WIRE ALL RIGHT BUT MAYBE WE SURPRISED THEM BEFORE THEY GOT WHAT THEY WANTED!



HERE'S A FRAGMENT OF THE MESSAGE THEY WERE INTERCEPTING. ALL THAT'S LEFT ARE THE WORDS "LA GAP"...



THEES ONE CANNOT TELL US WHAT EET MEANS. HE EES TOO DEAD!

TWO HOURS LATER, IN TROTTER'S CREEK, ANGRY VOICES CRY OUT AGAINST THE SHERFF - - -

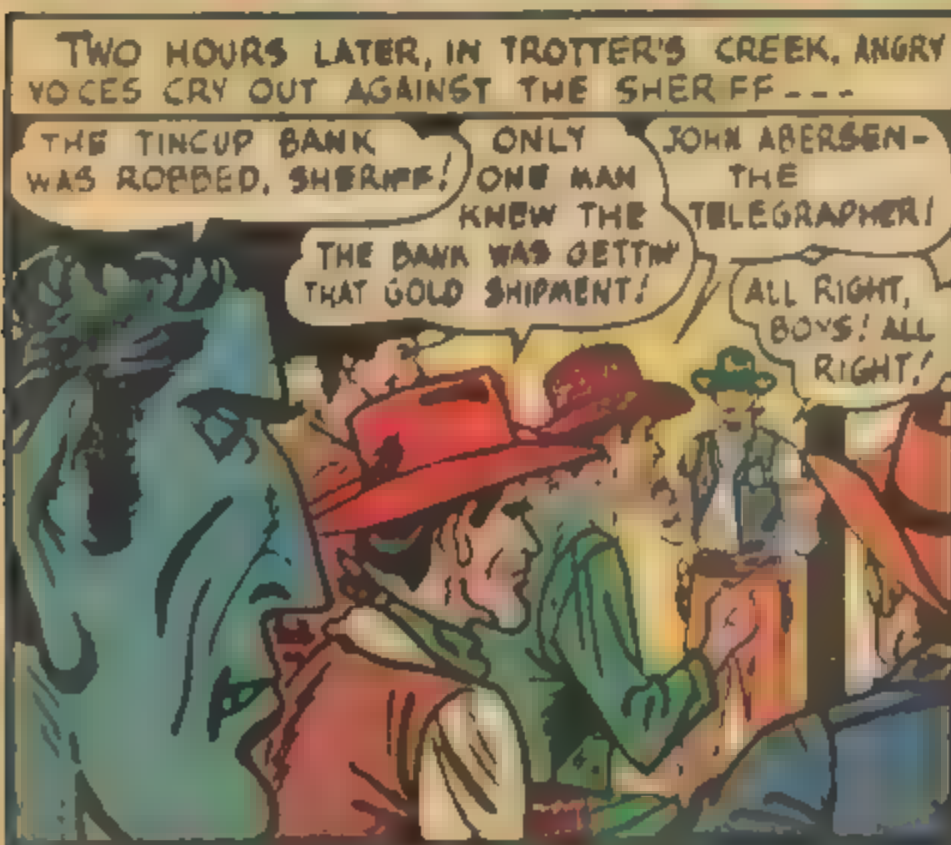
THE TINCUP BANK WAS ROBBED, SHERIFF!

ONLY ONE MAN KNEW THE

JOHN ABERSEN - THE TELEGRAPHER!

THE BANK WAS GETTIN' THAT GOLD SHIPMENT!

ALL RIGHT, BOYS! ALL RIGHT!



RECKON YUH BETTER COME WITH ME, JOHN. THE BOYS ARE PLUMB SET ON BLAMIN' YUH FER THEM ROBBERIES!

BUT- BUT I DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THEM!

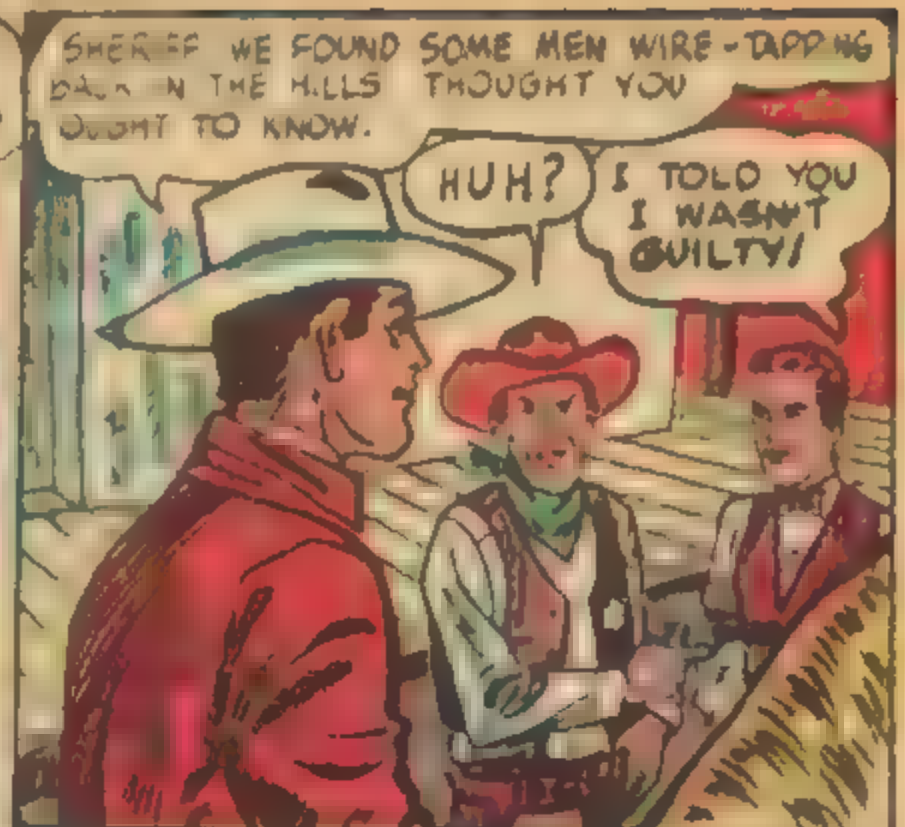


TIM HOLT



IT'S FOR YORE OWN GOOD, JOHN. FOLKS 'ROUND HERE MIGHT BE TEMPTED TO TAKE A SHOT AT YUH IN JAIL, YUH'RE SAFE

I'M INNOCENT, SHERIFF I'M NOT HOOKED UP WITH ANY OUTLAWS!



SHERIFF WE FOUND SOME MEN WIRE-TAPPING BACK IN THE HILLS THOUGHT YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

HUH?

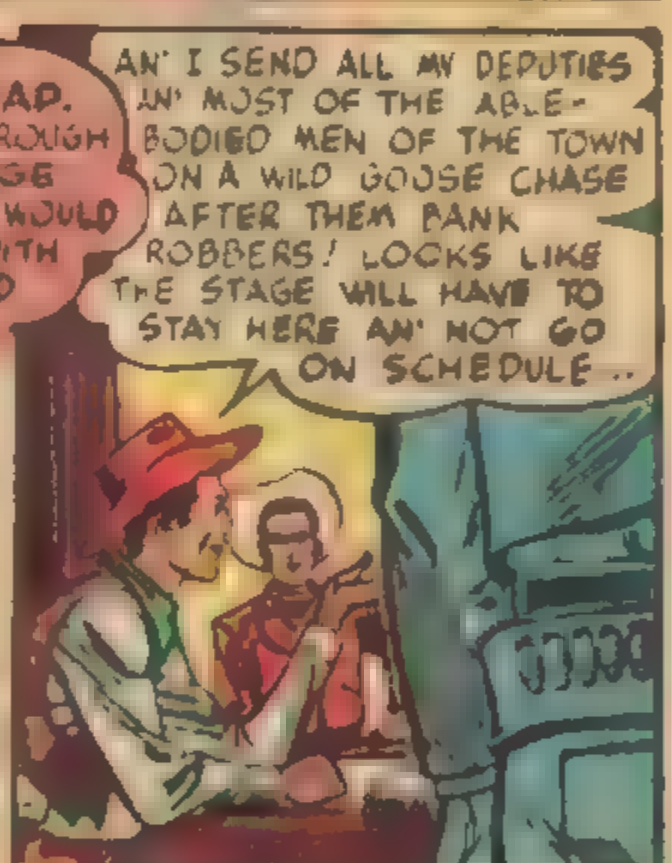
I TOLD YOU I WASN'T GUILTY!



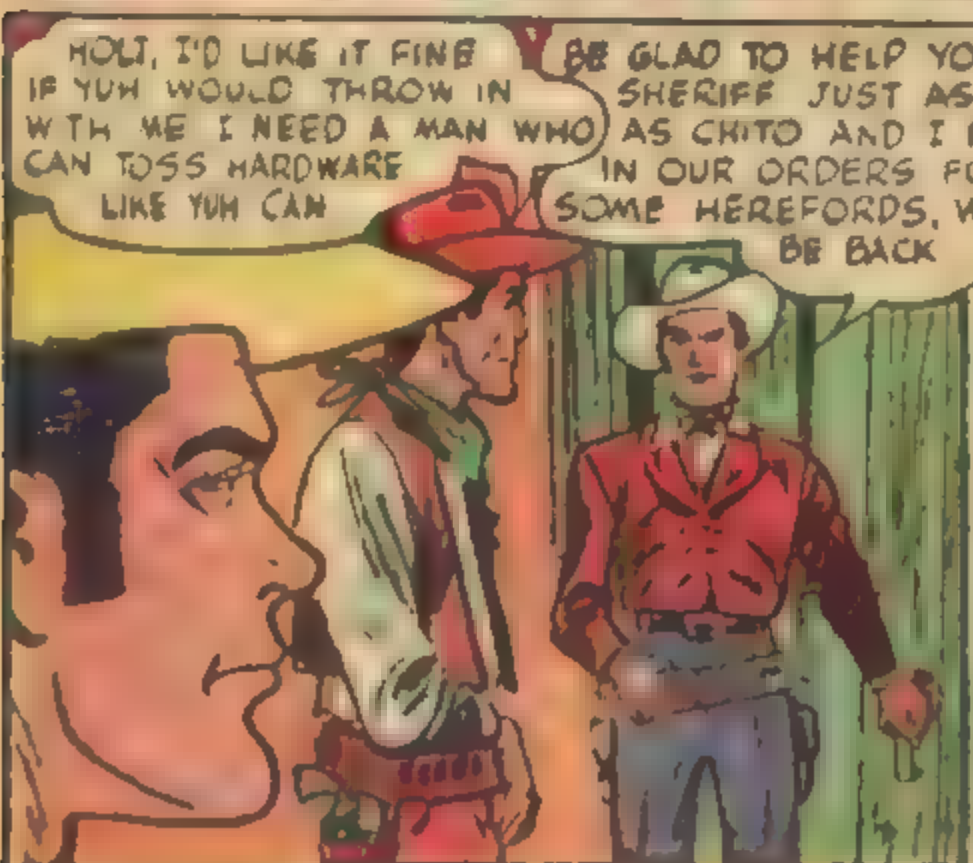
CALM DOWN, MY NAME'S HOLT. JOHN LET'S HERE'S A SCRAP HEAR ABOUT OF PAPER WE IT BOYS FOUND BACK THERE. CAN YOU MAKE ANYTHING OF IT?

HAMMM "LA GAP."

THAT'LL BE OGALLALA GAP. I JUST GOT THROUGH SENDING A MESSAGE THAT THE STAGE WOULD TAKE THE GAP WITH ANOTHER GOLD SHIPMENT.



AN' I SEND ALL MY DEPUTIES AN' MOST OF THE ABLE-BODIED MEN OF THE TOWN ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE AFTER THEM PANK ROBBERS! LOOKS LIKE THE STAGE WILL HAVE TO STAY HERE AN' NOT GO ON SCHEDULE..



HOLT, I'D LIKE IT FINE IF YUH WOULD THROW IN WITH ME I NEED A MAN WHO CAN TOSS HARDWARE LIKE YUH CAN

BE GLAD TO HELP YOU, SHERIFF JUST AS SOON AS CHITO AND I PUT IN OUR ORDERS FOR SOME HEREFORDS, WE'LL BE BACK



MY IDEA IS THIS. THOSE OWLHOOTS ARE EXPECTIN' THE STAGE THEY'LL GET IT WITH YUH DRIVIN', AN' ME AN' WHAT MEN I CAN ROUND UP JUST A-LAYIN' BACK AN' WAITIN' FER 'EM!

TIM HOLT

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING---

I'VE LOADED 'ER UP WITH WIRE AND TOOLS TO WEIGH 'ER DOWN. THE OWLHOOTS WILL THINK SHE'S CARRYIN GOLD BUT SHE WON'T BE!

NOW DON'T YUH WORRY NONE TIM ME AN' THE BOYS WILL BE ON HAND TO TAKE CARE OF THEM OWLHOOTS!

I KNOW YOU WILL SHERIFF



BETTER GO IN AN' OIL UP MY SHOOTIN' IRONS RECKON I'LL BE NEEDIN' THEM!

BETTER HURRY, TOO. BE MIGHTY UNCOMFORTABLE IF I DIDN'T SHOW UP AT OGALLALA GAP!

SHERIFF LANNIN TRIPS AND SPRAWLS, AND HIS GUNS, LOOSE IN THEIR HOLSTERS DROP AND FIRE!

UGGGG!



MEANWHILE, TIM PARTS COMPANY WITH CHITO, WHO REMAINS BEHIND TO LEAD THE SHERIFF TO A SECRET SHORTCUT IN THE MOGOLLONS---

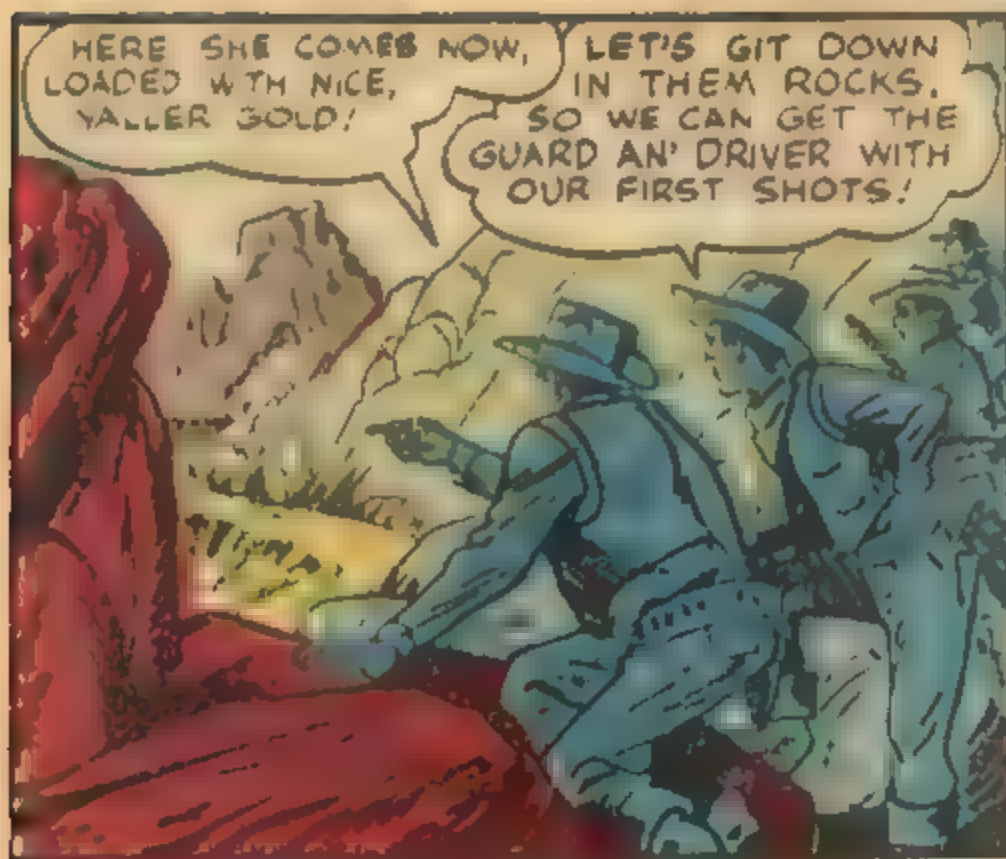
WE'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU, TIM!

NOT TOO FAR BEHIND, CHITO!

I'LL FEEL A LOT BETTER WHEN THIS RIDE IS FINISHED. IF THE SHERIFF DOESN'T GET TO THE GAP ON TIME - I'M A GONE GOSLING!

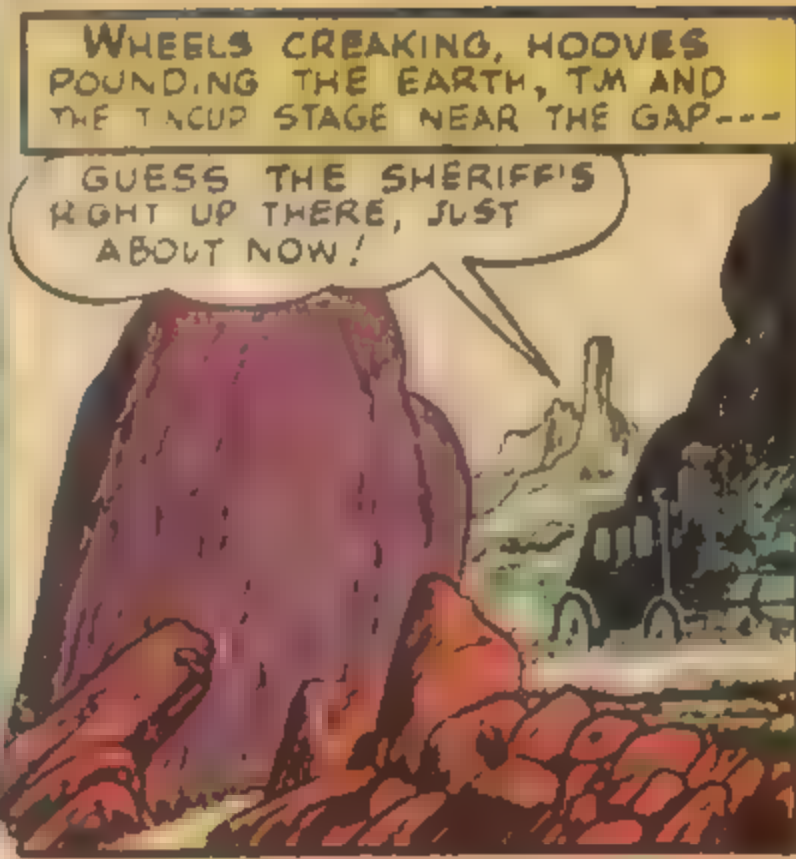


TIM HOLT



HERE SHE COMES NOW,
LOADED WITH NICE,
YALLER GOLD!

LET'S GIT DOWN
IN THEM ROCKS,
SO WE CAN GET THE
GUARD AN' DRIVER WITH
OUR FIRST SHOTS!



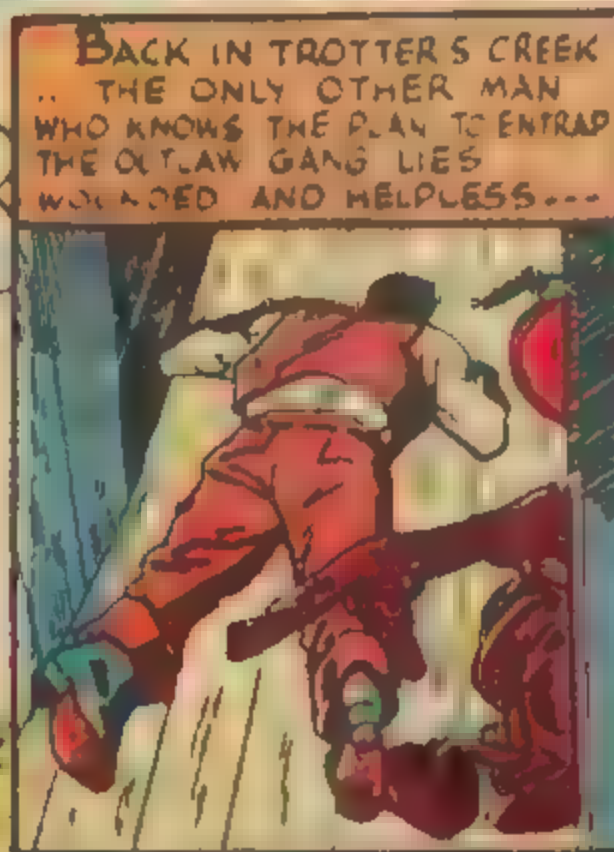
WHEELS CREAKING, HOOVES
POUNDING THE EARTH, TM AND
THE TACUP STAGE NEAR THE GAP---

GUESS THE SHERIFF'S
RIGHT UP THERE, JUST
ABOUT NOW!



AN IMPATIENT CHITO IS
ALSO WORRIED ABOUT THE
SHERIFF ---

THEE SHERIFF
EES LATE! WHERE
EES HE? TM WILL
BE ALMOST AT THEE
GAP BY THEE'S
TIME!

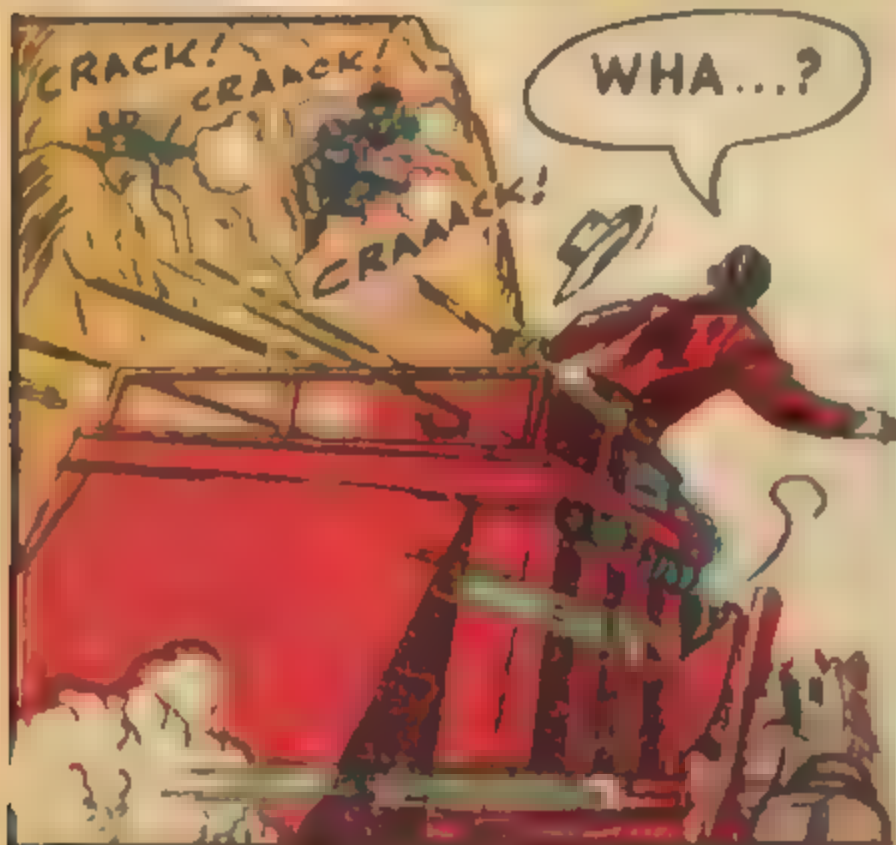


BACK IN TROTTER'S CREEK
... THE ONLY OTHER MAN
WHO KNOWS THE PLAN TO ENTRAP
THE OUTLAW GANG LIES
WOUNDED AND HELPLESS---



AT THAT MOMENT ---

HERE IT COMES!
PLUG HIM...!



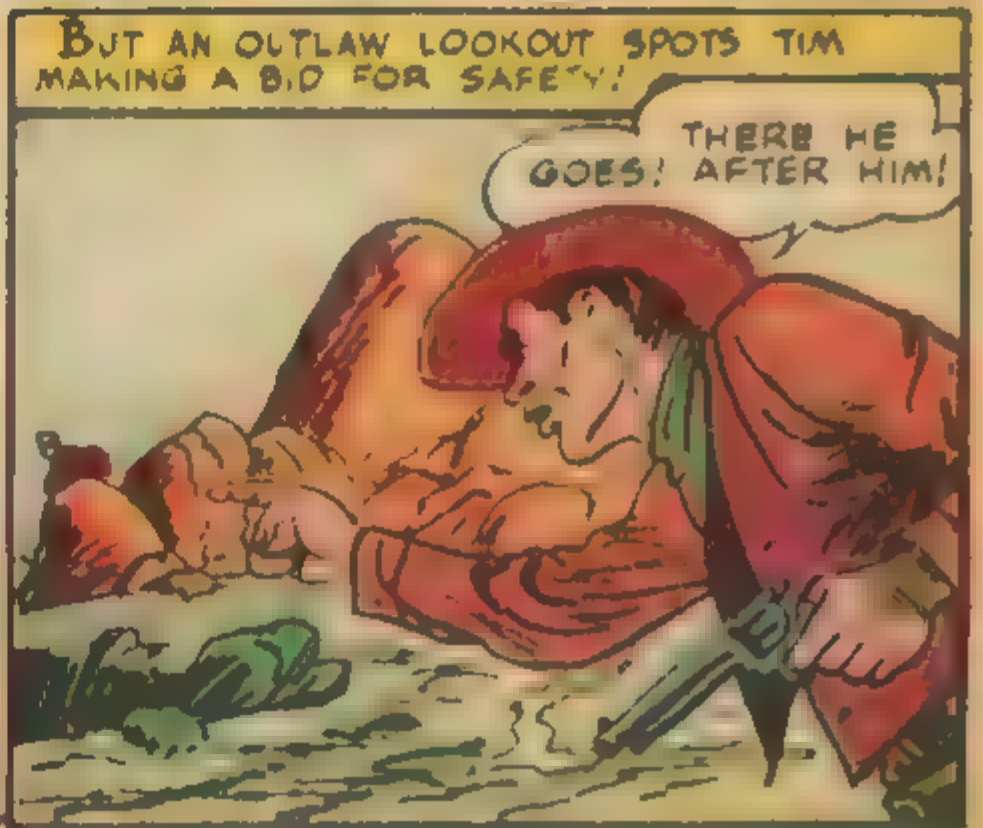
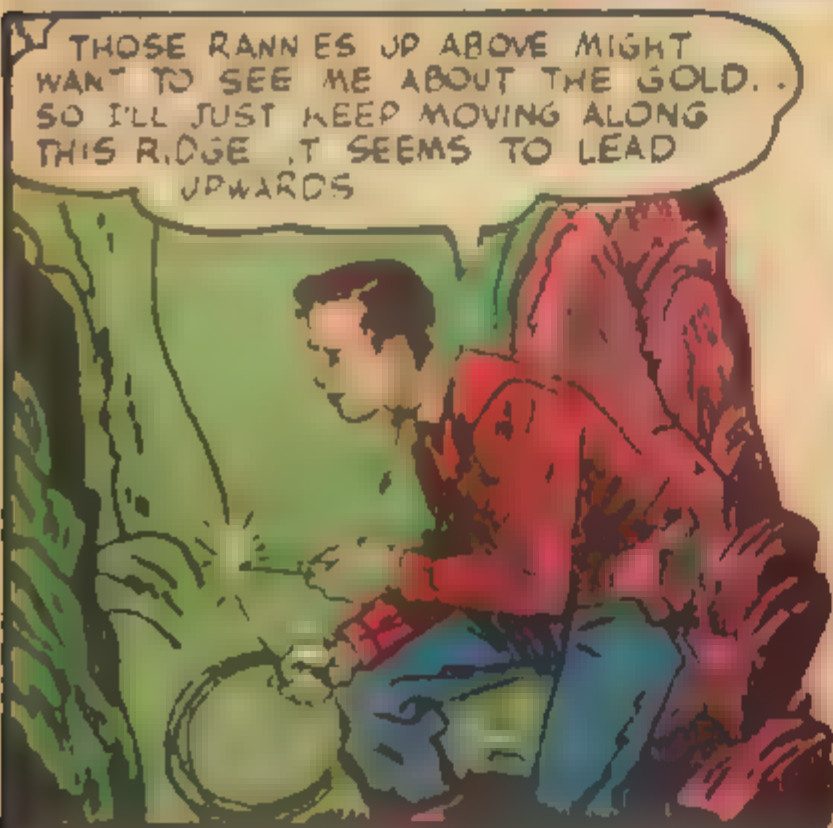
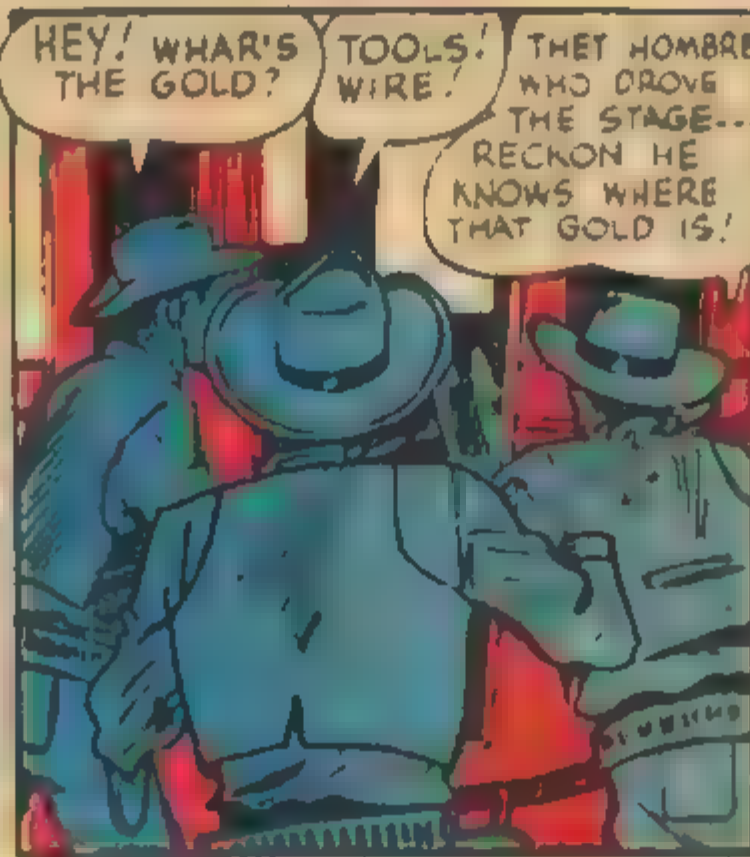
WHA...?



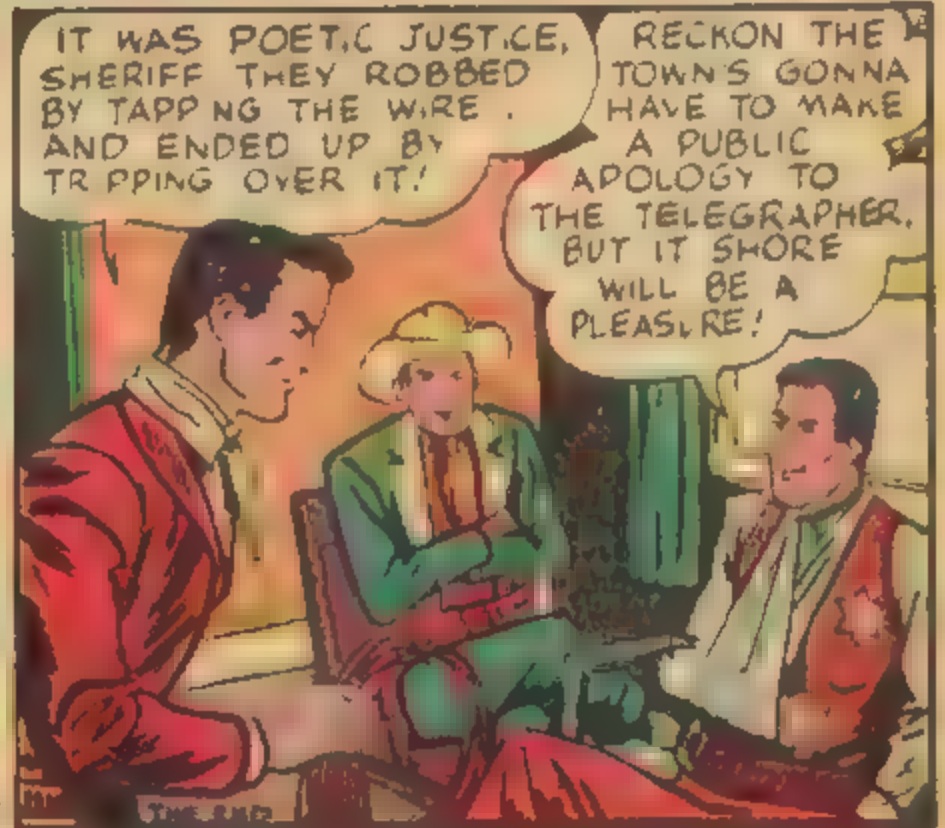
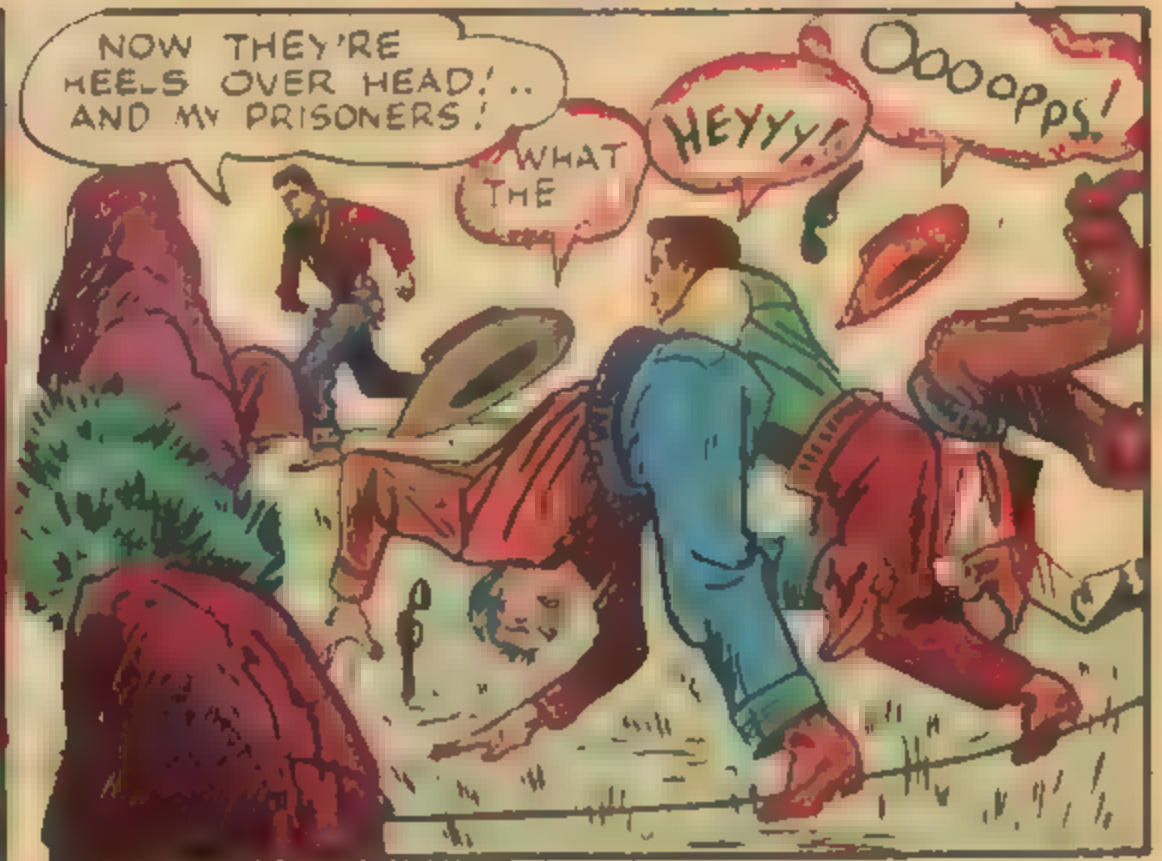
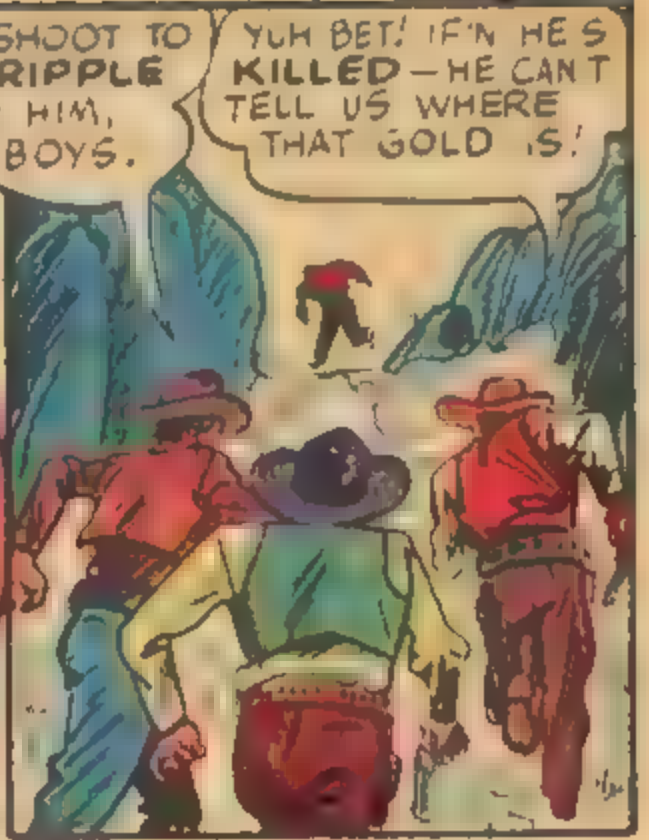
UNDER THE FUSILLADE OF HOT LEAD
TM DROPS TO HIS KNEES, LOSES HIS
BALANCE ---

I'M GOING OVER
INTO THE CANYON

TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



NOOSE FOR A KILLER

A Flip Carson Storylette

FLIP CARSON was at the hitch-rail in front of the 'Dobe Bottoms blacksmith shop when they brought the dead body of Ben Tobin down Main Street. Flip paused with the reins in his hand, and turned to look. This might be a job for a federal marshal.

A bow-legged puncher was riding a paint horse ahead of a rangy bay. Across the saddle of the bay, his body lashed down with a lariat, lay the dead man. Even from this distance, Flip could see the bullet wound in his back, and the dark crimson stain of dried blood caked in his dusty shirt.

Sheriff Nick Patterson raised dust from the wooden sidewalk as he thundered down toward Flip. His husky voice was bellowing, "Flip, don't yuh ride off! I'm a-gonna need yuh here, boy. That there is Mark Simpson's foreman, that dead galoot in the saddle! Trouble is brewin', yuh can bet yore hide!"

Mark Simpson owned the big Tumbling T spread north of 'Dobe Bottoms. Flip Carson was well aware that Simpson and young Ed Hecker of the Flying Hat ranch were pawing the earth like angry bulls whenever they saw each other. Simpson had flatly accused young Hecker of rustling his Tumbling T steers. Ed Hecker had laughed nastily, thumbs hooked in his gunbelts, and called Mark Simpson a red-faced liar.

Flip reknotted the reins at the rail and followed Sheriff Patterson down the street. The bow-legged puncher had reined in his saddler, was saying to a group of open-mouthed on-lookers, "Found him flat on his face, the other side of the draws. Shot in the back, as yuh can see plain enough. Looks like a Hecker job, don't it, boys?"

"Hold on, now, George," said Sheriff Patterson, breathing heavily. "Yuh got any proof to back up that statement?"

"Yuh bet I have," retorted George, fumbling in his vest. He brought out a checkered blue-and-white bandanna and tossed it at the sheriff.

It was Ed Hecker's neck-piece. Everyone around 'Dobe Bottoms knew it. As George said, "I found it right behind poor Ben, layin' on the ground," everyone nodded their heads wisely. It was an open-and-shut case. All that remained was for Sheriff Patterson to ride out to the Flying Hat and bring Hecker in.

Flip took the bandanna from the sheriff's fingers. It was stained with dry sweat, and caked in with the sweat was the characteristic red clay dust that was found near the draws. Flip looked at the dead man's shirt. It, too, was stained with the red clay dust.

Flip said, "Right stupid of Hecker to shoot down a man and leave a clue like this a-layin' there."

The sheriff raised his bushy eyebrows, in a questioning look. Flip went on, "I'd like to mosey out to the draws an' have a look for myself, Sheriff. You can always go out an' bring in Hecker."

Two hours later, Flip sat the kak of his rawboned white gelding and stared with furrowed brows at the scene of the murder. He saw the imprint where the body had lain, a tiny blob of dried blood. He saw the clear trail of one horse—and that was all.

"The killer sure took pains to make certain he wouldn't leave any tracks. Reckon he was a plumb careful gent. And a careful man wouldn't leave his own neckerchief right out in plain sight to be discovered!"

Flip dismounted, and checked the hoof-marks of George's paint horse. It had ridden in toward the dead man from the east. The dead man had come from the north. That eliminated George as a suspect. He couldn't have shot Ben from the back when he was riding in front of him. No, the killer must have trailed Ben, then flung down on him with his Colt when he was sure he would surprise him.

"An' that's a funny thing," Flip mused. "A man would have to get plenty close to be sure of gettin' his man with one shot. Ben sure would have heard him ride up on him . . . unless the killer was a friend of Ben's and dropped back just enough to plug him in the back!"

He left the murder scene and trotted the white gelding in wide circles. To the west a row of sandstone ridges raised their red, raw bulks against the blue sky. To the south the red clay draws undulated into the distance. Eastward lay the sage flats, mile after mile of unbroken sand and desert shrub. He rode from sandstone ledge to sage flats and back, always circling wider, wider.

Ten miles into the store ridges of the *malpais*, he found where the tracks of a horse were blotted out, then appeared in the dirt. A wry grin touched the marshal's tanned face. "Old Indian trick, to drag a blanket behind, so as to wipe out the tracks your horse makes. Only thing is, if another man knows that trick—well, you can't carry a blanket around forever!"

Where the sandstone ended, a horse's tracks led away from them, straight north. Flip kneed the gelding into a gallop.

Hours later, he reined in before the sprawling ranchhouse of the Tumbling T ranch. A big man, whose head was a shaggy mop of black hair, cowhide vest opened to disclose the giant chest, waved a long arm at him.

"Howdy, marshal. Light down a spell," called Mark Simpson.

"Can't stay," said Flip Carson, swinging from the saddle. "I'm ridin' on to the Flying Hat. Your segundo was killed near the draws, some time ago."

Simpson looked shocked. "Yuh don't mean to say that hot-head Hecker went so far as to shoot down my foreman, do yuh? By the eternal! I'll have his hide!"

Flip chuckled. "No need to go on the prod. I'll bring in the killer."

Simpson eyed him from under bushy brows. "Yuh wait right here, young feller. I'll ride over with yuh. I don't want yuh gettin' shot in the back!"

There was a peculiar smile on Flip Carson's lips as he watched the big Tumbling T owner stalk toward his corral, where saddles and bridles were hung across the top rail of the fence. He rolled a cigarette, watching Simpson catch and lasso a horse, saddle him and fit a bridle over his head.

Stirrup by stirrup, the two men rode from the Tumbling T across the flats, toward the Flying Hat.

As they raced down the little slope in front of the small Flying Hat ranch, Flip said, "I don't want any gunplay, Simpson. I want the killer to hang for this crime!"

Big Mark Simpson grunted callously. "He'll hang, all right. From the nearest tree—all legal, of course, marshal. I won't go for my iron."

Ed Hecker was chopping greasewood as they reined to a halt in front of him. He was a heavyset man, with a homely but rugged face. He dropped his axe and looked at Flip, ignoring the scowling Simpson.

"Anything I can do for yuh, marshal?" he asked.

Flip said, "Someone shot Mark Simpson's foreman over near the draws. Reckon you had as good a motive as any. You were right smart, Hecker—hidin' your horses' hoofprints with an Indian blanket."

Mark Simpson laughed cruelly. He leaned forward across the swellfork of his saddle; said "We ought to search his place, marshal! Reckon he might try to hide that blanket!"

Flip nodded. He asked, "You have any objections, Hecker?"

Hecker looked at the smooth butts of Flip Carson's low-slung Colts and wet his lips nervously. He mumbled, "Reckon yuh can look."

The search did not take long. It was Mark Simpson who found the blanket, shoved under a pile of old saddles in a corner of the corral. He held it up, waving it in triumph. Ed Hecker stared at the blanket as if his eyes would pop out.

Hecker yelled, "Yuh must've planted that blanket there, yuh no-good—"

As he held high, Hecker started at a run for

the grinning Simpson. Simpson called, "Yuh ain't gonna split my head open, Hecker!" His right hand blurred moving for his gun. He lifted it out of the holster—

Flip Carson barely moved his gunhand, but his Colt was spouting red flame and roaring thunder, and the gun in Simpson's hand leaped high and away, kicking and rolling into the dirt.

Simpson whirled, face black with rage. Flip shook his head gently, smiling. "You promised me there'd be no gunplay, Simpson. Have you forgotten that we want to hang the killer?"

The big man paused in the middle of a bellow. He growled, "Reckon you're plumb right, marshal. I kind of forgot myself, seem' that ornery murderer comin' at me with that axe. I hate his killin' guts so much, I'd—"

Muttering, Simpson broke off and picked up his gun. Hecker had turned and was staring at Flip. He said, "I give yuh my word, marshal. I didn't kill his foreman."

Flip shook his head. "Sorry, Hecker. I want yuh to come along."

In town, Flip brought Simpson and Hecker into the sheriff's office. He closed the door. The sheriff looked at him in surprise.

Flip said, "I brought in the killer, sheriff—Mark Simpson!"

Simpson put a hand on his gun, but the Colt leaped into Flip's hand. Flip said coldly, "It's a cinch Hecker didn't kill Ben. He was unfriendly with Simpson's crowd. Ben wouldn't let him close enough to shoot him in the back. Ben's gun wasn't touched, showin' that he didn't think he had anything to fear. When I found the tracks, they led toward the Flying Hat. I found the blanket under the saddles. But the tracks didn't stay at Hecker's. They went on to the Tumbling T!"

"At the Tumbling T, Simpson looked surprised that his foreman was killed—yet he knew he had been shot . . . and shot in the back! He told me he didn't want me to get shot in the back!"

"I couldn't prove Simpson did it, so I had to let him convict himself. He found that blanket mighty fast at Hecker's. Walked right to it! Nobody who hadn't hid that blanket could've found it so fast!"

Simpson swore blindly, face dark with anger. He moved his hand to his gun but Flip stepped close and knocked his hand aside. Flip grated, "Ta k, yuh yaller sidewinder!"

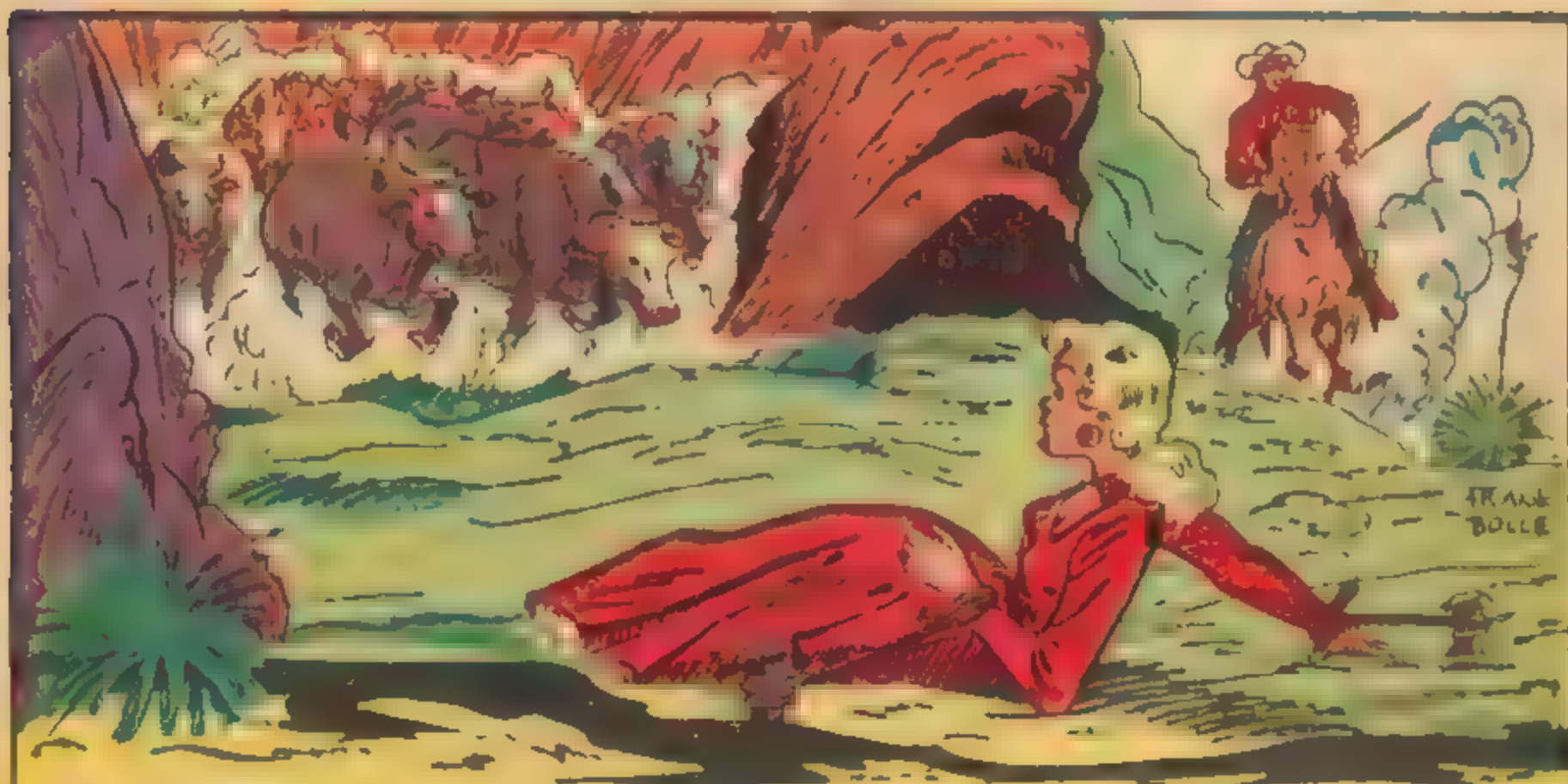
Simpson hung his head. "I did it. Ben was helping me brand my own cattle an' plant them on Hecker so's I could accuse him of rustlin' an' get his land. He wanted more money or he said he'd spill to the law. I had to shoot him!"

"Just as we have to hang yuh!" said the sheriff, and the handcuffs clicked on Mark Simpson's wrists.

—THE END—

TIM HOLT

TIM HOLT



WHEN DEATH STALKED THE PAINTED DESERT, TIM HOLT AND HIS SIDEKICK CHITO MET HIM HEAD-ON. DEATH WON THAT FIRST ROUND — BUT TIM HAD ANOTHER CHANCE AGAINST THE MAN WITH THE SCYTHE!

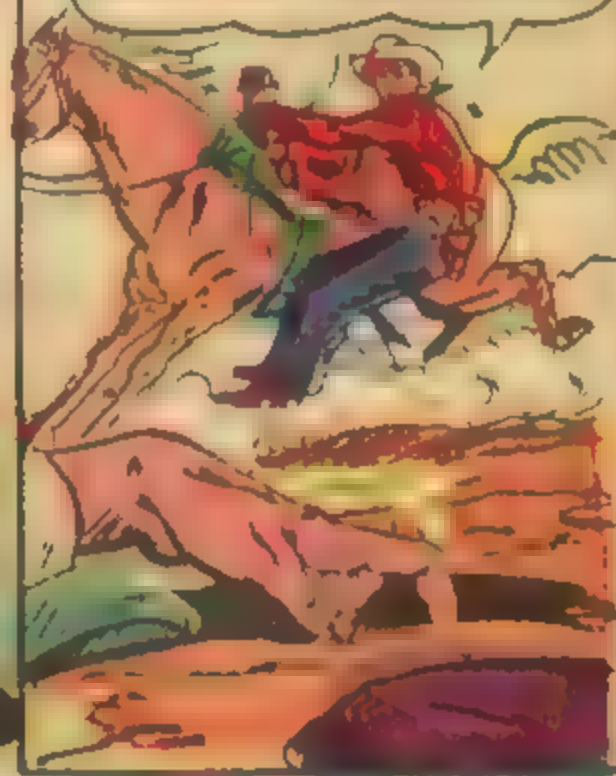
AND TIM KEPT HIS DATE WITH DEATH WHEN IT TOOK HOT LEAD, FAST GUN-PLAY, AND FAST RIDING TO FIND — **THE GHOST ON HAUNTED MOUNTAIN!**

A REELING FIGURE STAGGERS BLINDLY ACROSS THE ODDLY COLORED DUNES OF THE PAINTED DESERT —

DONE IN.
NO WATER..
NOT MUCH TIME
LEFT TO FIND
MY LITTLE
GRL...

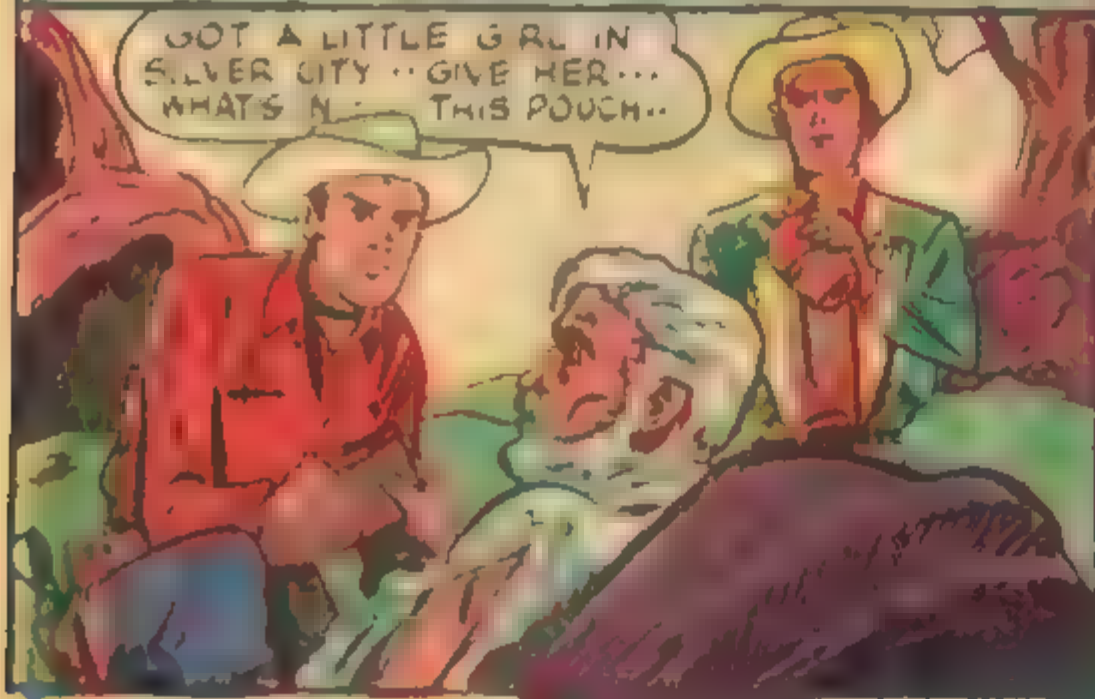
EVEN SEEIN' MIRAGES...
MEN ON HORSES . BUT
'TWO'N'T DO ME NO GOOD .
EVEN IF THEY WAS REAL

THE OLD MAN SEEMS FAR
GONE, CHITO, BUT WE MAY
BE ABLE TO SAVE HIM.
BRING THE WATER CANTEN!



TIM HOLT

FOR LONG MOMENTS THE OLD MAN GASPS IN TIM'S ARMS HIS EYES GLAZE, BUT HIS TREMBLING HAND FINDS A LITTLE POUCH AND PRESSES IT INTO TIM'S FINGERS ---



SILVER CITY IS ON OUR WAY, CHITO. WE'LL STOP BY AND SEE WHAT WE CAN DO FOR THE YOUNGSTER...

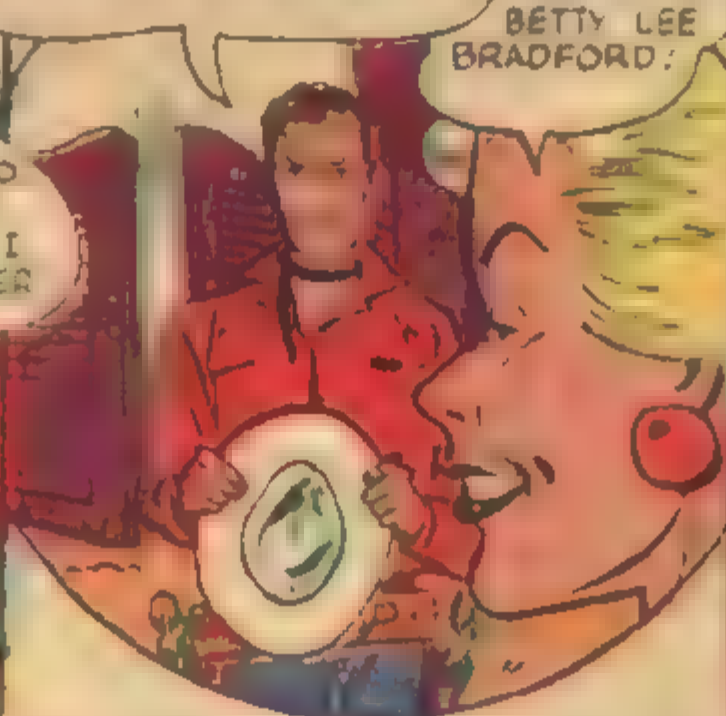
EEES GOOD IDEA!



IN SILVER CITY ---



PARDON ME I'M LOOKING FOR A LITTLE GIRL NAMED BETTY LEE BRADFORD



I'VE SOME BAD NEWS YOUR FATHER --

DADDY? YOU KNOW HIM? OH, WHERE IS HE? WHERE IS HE?



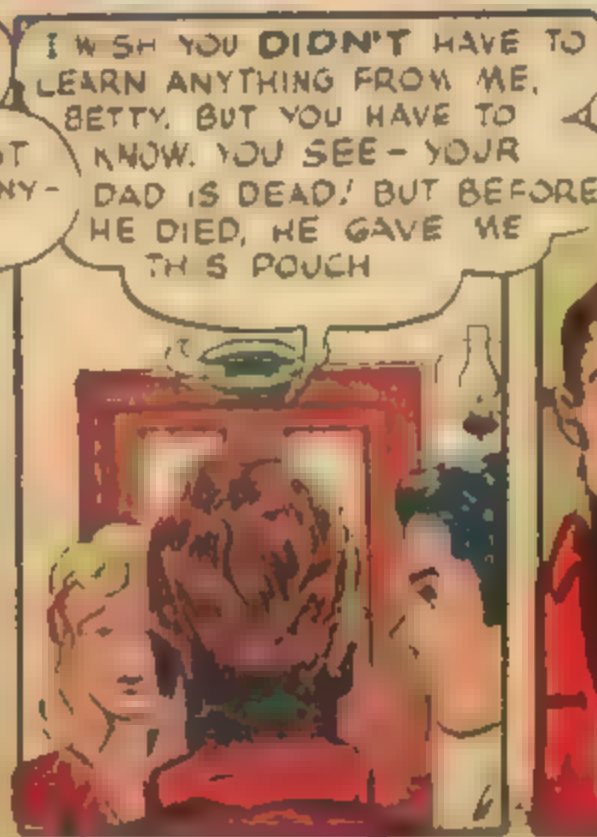
WITH A BELLOW, CHINDOK CHARLEY SNAIL SUDDENLY LUNGES FORWARD --



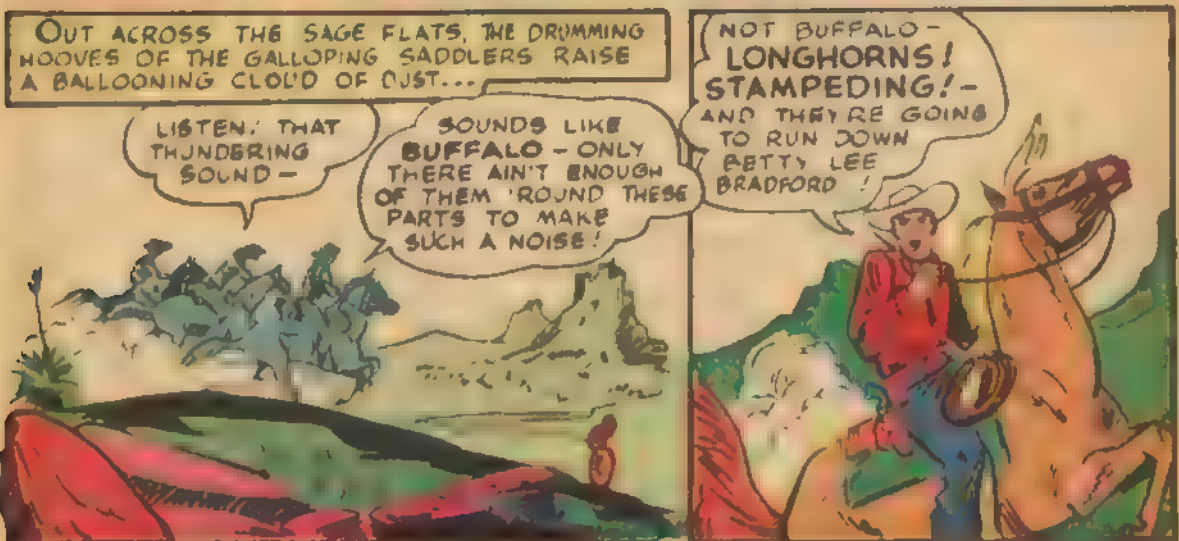
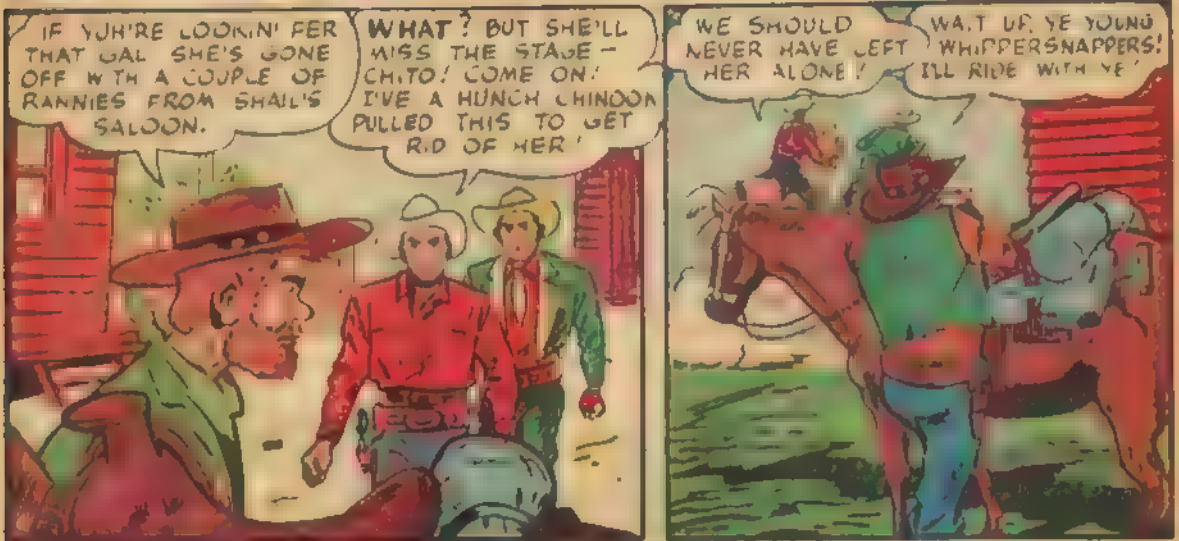
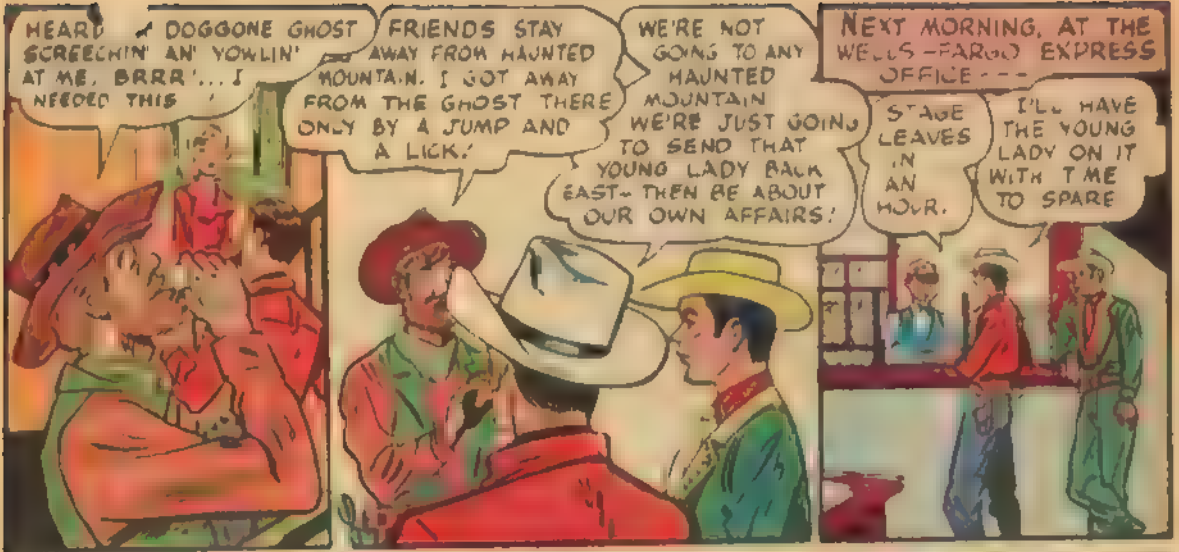
WE KNOW HOW TO HANDLE VARMINTS AROUND HERE, STRANGER



TIM HOLT

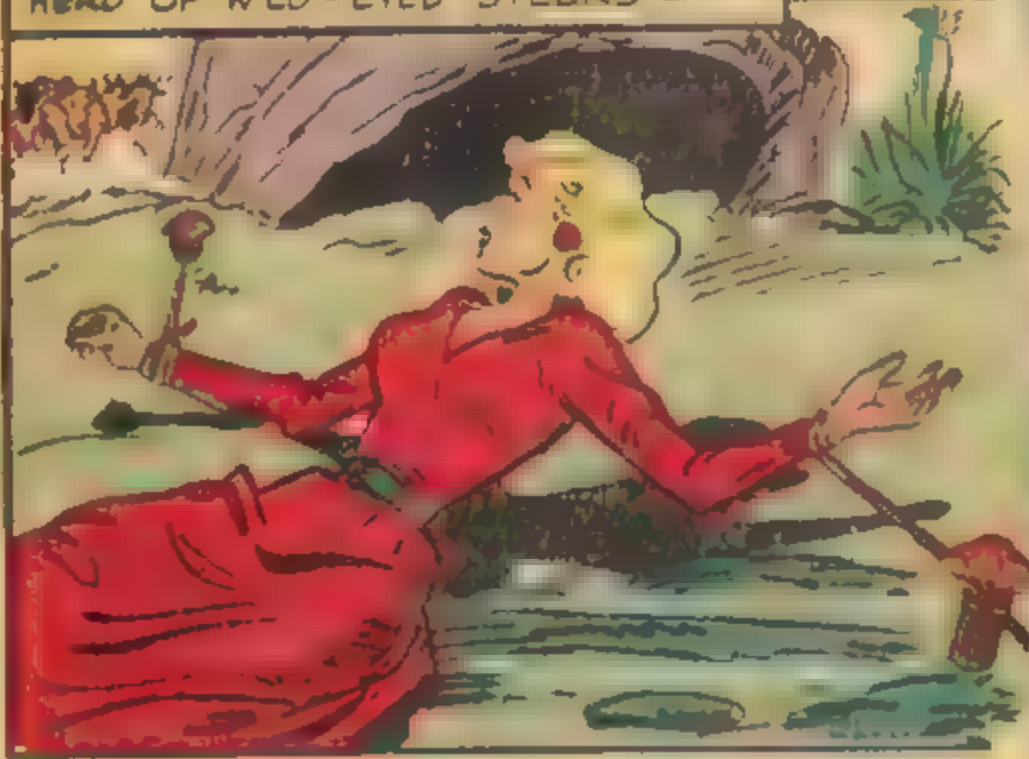


TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

TIED, HELPLESS, IN FRONT OF AN ANGRY HERD OF WILD-EYED STEERS —



HER SCREAMS ARE DROWNED IN THE FURY OF POUNDING HOOVES!

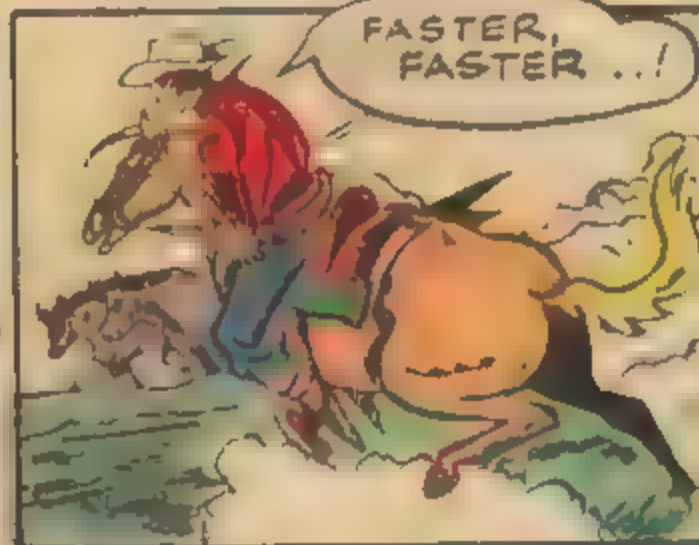
AAAAAGGGGGHHH!



ONLY CHANCE TO SAVE HER — IS BY CUTTING IN FRONT OF THAT HERD!

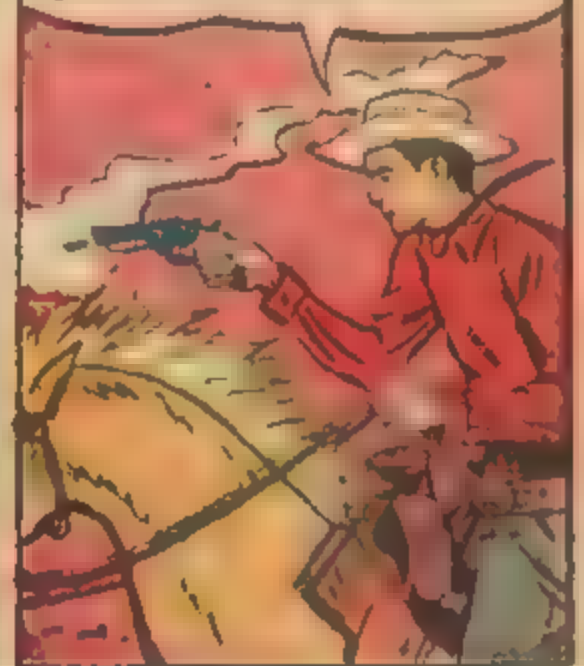


THE MIGHTY GOLDEN STALLION KEEPS HIS FEET BY A MIRACLE AFTER THE DESPERATE SLIDE DOWN THE SLOPING ARROYO WALL! HEADING INTO THE MASS OF TOSSING, CLICKING HORNS, HIS STRIDE NEVER FALTERS!



FASTER, FASTER ...!

NO TIME TO CUT HER BONDS! HAVE TO TRUST MY GUNS AND — SHOOT THEM OFF!



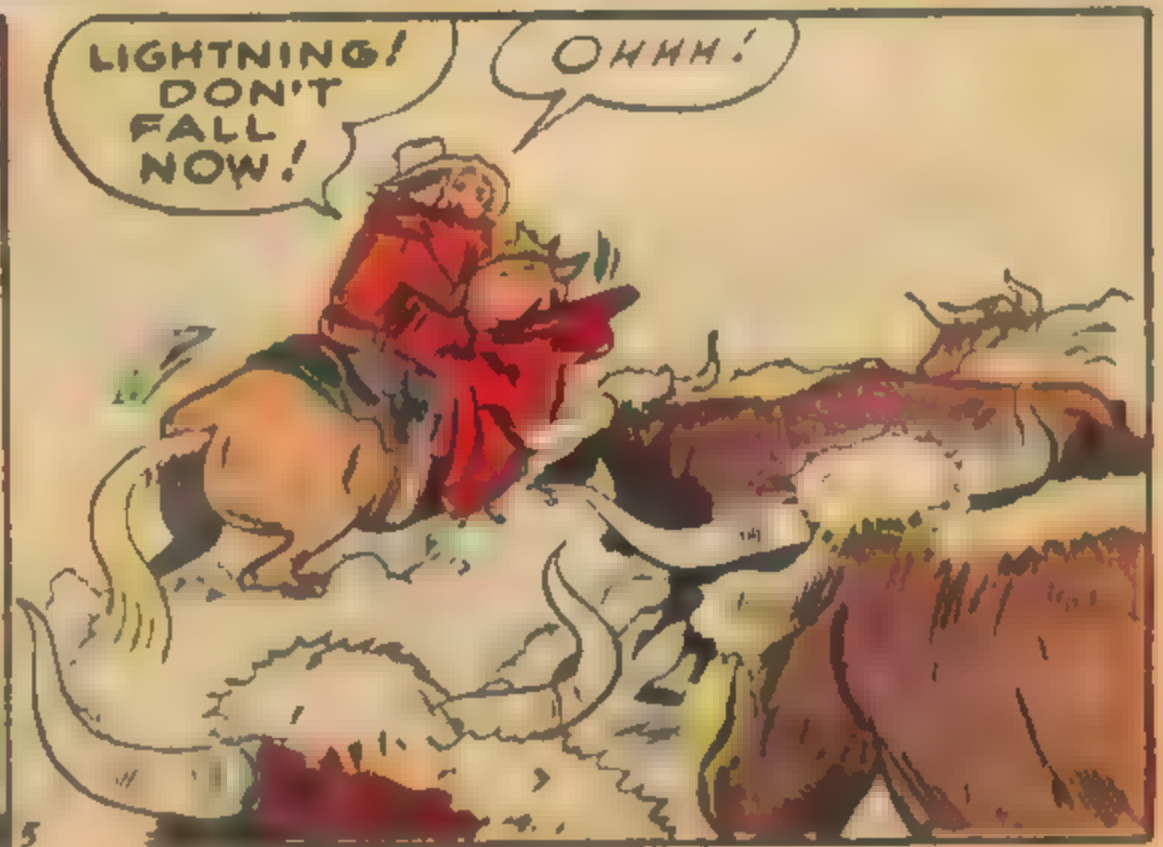
HOT LEAD SMASHES THE TIGHT BONDS! BETTY GASPS, TRIES WEAKLY TO RISE —

JUMP!



LIGHTNING! DON'T FALL NOW!

OHhh!



TIM HOLT

LIGHTNING STAGGERS BUT RECOVERS HIS BALANCE AND THEN THE MIGHTY GOLDEN STALLION RALES AWAY WITH HIS DOUBLE BURDEN ---

WE MADE IT!



IT'S BECAUSE OF THE SILVER MINE DADDY DISCOVERED.. CHINOOK CHARLEY SHAIL WANTED TO KILL ME... AS HE KILLED MY FATHER! I-I HEARD THOSE HORRIBLE MEN WHO BROUGHT ME OUT HERE . TALKING ABOUT IT!

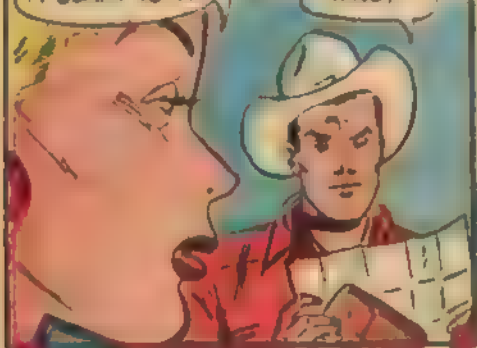


CHINOOK FOUND THE MINE HE SAW IT WAS WORTH A FORTUNE. HE SENT HIRED KILLERS OUT TO GET DADDY- WHO HAD FILED A CLAIM TO IT

THEN HE HIRED YOU TO HAVE YOU HANDY SO HE COULD GET RID OF YOU AT HIS CONVENIENCE! HMMM THIS IS A MAP OF THE LOST MINE!

DAGNAD! THAT THERE'S A MAP O' THAT HAUNTED MOUNTAIN!

GUESS WE HAVEN'T FINISHED THIS AFFAIR, AFTER ALL! LETS HIGHTAIL OVER THERE AND SEE WHAT'S DOING!



AHEAD OF THEM, AT THE SILVER MINE IN HAUNTED MOUNTAIN...

LOOK AT 'EM! BIG AS ROCKS! SOLID SILVER! I'LL BE THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WHOLE STATE!

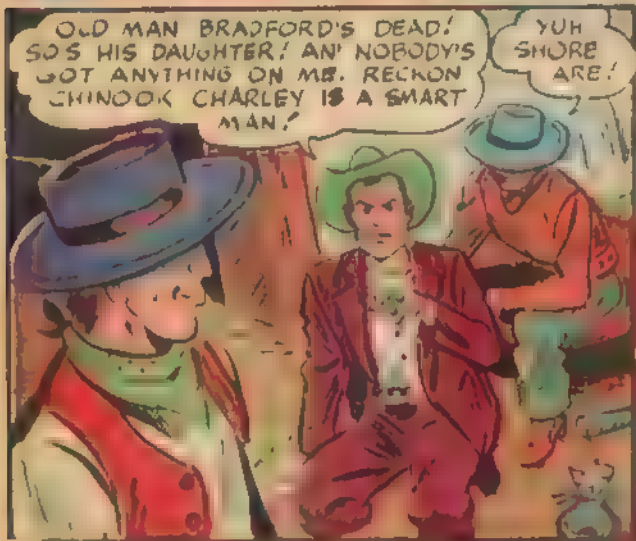


OLD MAN BRADFORD'S DEAD! SO'S HIS DAUGHTER! AN' NOBODY'S GOT ANYTHING ON ME. RECKON CHINOOK CHARLEY IS A SMART MAN!

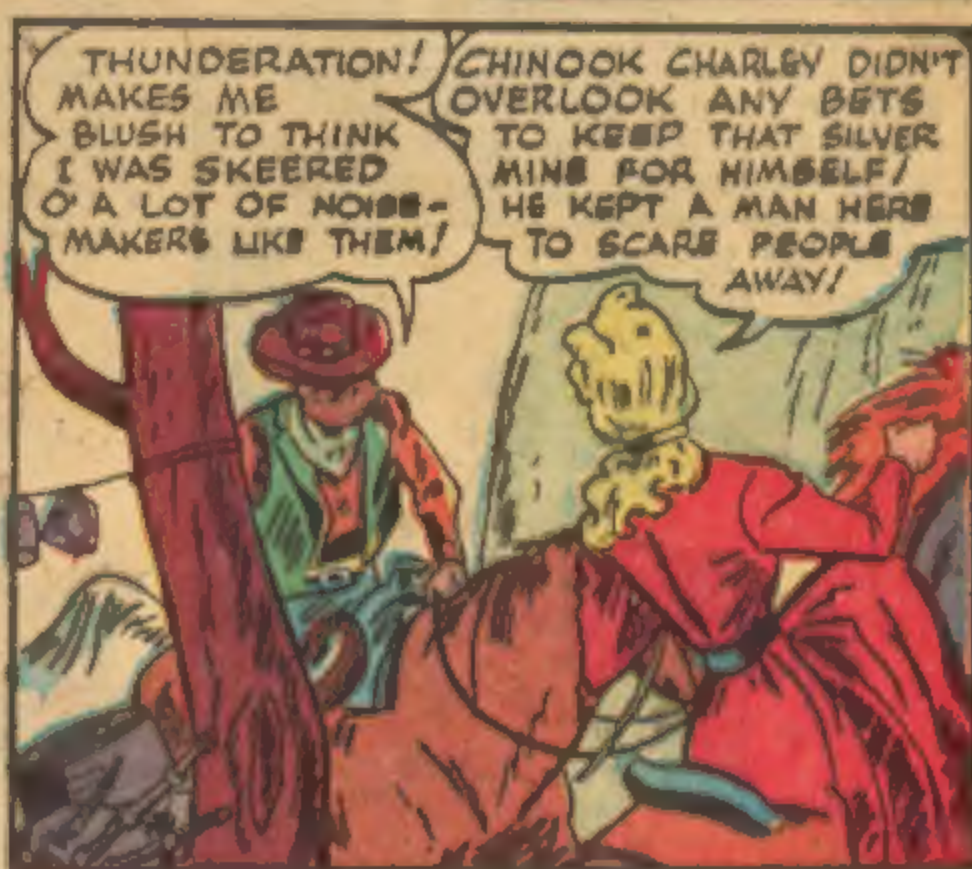
YUH SHORE ARE!

CHINOOK! THAT DAME AIN'T DEAD! SHE'S COMIN' THIS WAY WITH THREE HOMBRES!

HUH?... THEN WELL DRYGULCH 'EM! YUH RANNIES GRAB YORE GUNS AN' COME ON!

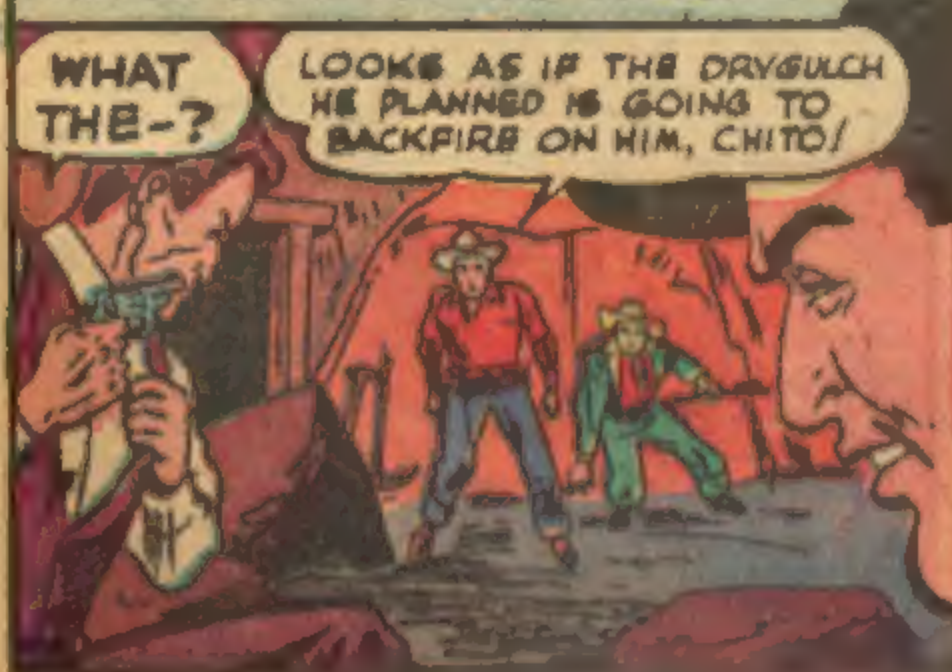


TIM HOLT



TIM AND CHITO DO NOT LINGER. THEY DROP OVER THE LIP OF THE RIDGE AND RUN DOWN ON THE SURPRISED CHINOOK CHARLEY SHAIL AND HIS GUNMEN —

WITH SIXGUN ROARING AND RIFLE CRASHING, TIM AND CHITO THUNDER DOWN ON THE AMAZED GUNMEN — — —



TIM HOLT



CHINOOK DOESN'T HAVE THE GUTS TO STAND UP IN A GUNFIGHT —!



SO I'LL GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO MEET ME WITH HIS FISTS!



ON A LIP OF SANDSTONE THAT THRUSTS OUT ABOVE A DRY RIVERBOTTOM, TIM AND SHAIL MEET, KNUCKLES TO KNUCKLES!

ONE OF US WILL WALK AWAY — THE OTHER'S GOING TO BE CARRIED!



RECKON I'VE TAKEN ENOUGH LIP FROM YUH, HOLT! I'M GONNA STOP YORE CHATTER RIGHT NOW...!

TRY IT, RANNY...!



TWO GUNSHOTS BLAST ALMOST AS ONE. BUT TIM'S GUNHAND HAS NEVER MET ITS MATCH —

I ONLY WINGED YOU, SHAIL! I SAVED YOU FOR THE LAW — AND A HEMP ROPE...



SOME DAYS LATER ---

"POP" AND I WILL RUN THE MINE, TIM. IF YOU EVER NEED ANY SILVER, CALL ON ME.

THANKS, BETTY LEE... TAKE CARE OF HER, "POP" — WE'LL BE RIDING ALONG NOW...



THE END



Tim looks pretty cheerful watching Chito do the hard work (Tim carries the hammer) as they mend a fence on the range. The scene is from RKO's "Gun Runners," which is coming soon.

A slow draw meant a quick grave, in the old West, and the gunfighter who could throw iron from any position (Tim demonstrates one here) had an edge on his enemies.



One of Tim's biggest problems is his pal, Chito — or, rather, Chito's one consistent weakness, which is: fondness for and persistent pursuit of beautiful girls. Tim is shown here looking on with jaundiced eye as Chito tries hard to impress dance hall hostess Rita Lynn—who looks a bit skeptical herself.

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